

CHRISTIAN HERALD

APRIL • 1948

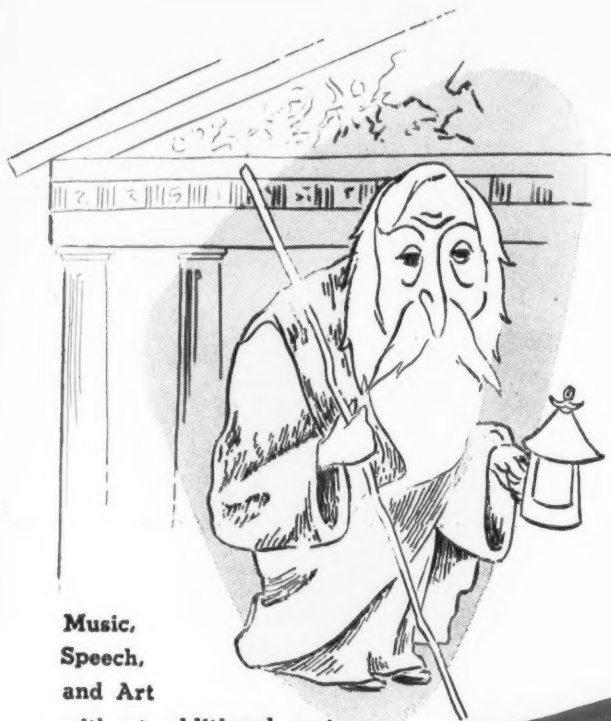


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VOL. 71

CHRISTIAN HERALD

No. 4

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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COVER: "I Am He That Liveth."—Painting by Mitchell Hooks

FRONTISPIECE: "He Is Risen."—RNS Photo

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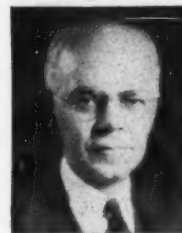
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Among Those Present...

Halford E. Luccock (*Footrace at Dawn*, page 17) is the widely known preacher, lecturer, author and teacher. For twenty years Dr. Luccock has been the distinguished Professor of Homiletic at Yale University Divinity School. Previous to that he was a contributing editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He has written a score of books, among which you will remember "In the Minister's Workshop," "Christianity and the Individual," "Jesus and the American Mind," "Christian Faith and Economic Change." His latest is the highly praised "The Questing Spirit," an anthology which he edited and arranged with Frances Brentano. *Footrace at Dawn* is from a broadcast made by Dr. Luccock at last year's Easter Dawn Service at Radio City Music Hall in New York.



Amos John Traver has written our Sunday School Lessons for the past five years. This is far and away a top department in popularity. This was proven beyond peradventure a few years ago when, during the worst of the paper shortage, we decided to eliminate the Lessons along with other material. Two weeks after the appearance of the *HERALD* sans



the Lessons we had already received a mailbag full of letters, ranging from the explosively indignant to the mildly quizical. Although the tone varied, the message was the same: "Bring back Dr. Traver's Lessons!" We did—instanter.

Dr. Traver is Professor of Practical Theology at Hama Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio. For some years after graduation from Hartwick Seminary, New York, he served pastorates in New York and Maryland. He is a staff writer on the *Lutheran* and editor of *Lutheran Men*. He is the author of a number of books, the latest of which is "Graceful Giving"; "The Harvesters" will be published soon. During the years he has developed the lucid yet pungent style our readers so much admire in his Sunday School Lessons.

"It is good to know," writes Dr. Traver, "that my lesson materials are well received. I know the kind of folk who make up the CHRISTIAN HERALD family. My father was a seminary professor for fifty years . . . CHRISTIAN HERALD was always on our library table. In later years Mother never failed to give HERALD Christmas gift subscriptions. All this adds to the satisfaction of sharing in production."

Doron K. Antrim (*The Miracle of "The Messiah,"* page 25) is an outstanding writer and lecturer on music. He believes

CHRISTIAN HERALD

that music is a vital force in life and that anyone can benefit by tapping this source of power. "Anyone can fall for music," he says. "It's like falling in love and just as exciting. You don't even need ears, as witness Helen Keller. You don't need special talent or a course in technical study." For twenty years, Mr. Antrim has been expounding this philosophy. He got the doughboys singing in World War I; later he edited several national music magazines. He has written for *Reader's Digest*, *Saturday Evening Post* and most of the other leading magazines.

W. W. Bauer (*Bedside Manners*, page 54) is the director of the Bureau of Health Education of the American Medical Association. He is highly active in the important task of keeping the public informed on matters of health and medicine—through articles, lectures, books, radio, and answers to individual questions. His background—"pedigree" he calls it—is somewhat different from that of the usual personnel—writers *per se* and clergymen—of this department. Dr. Bauer's background is strictly medical. He received his M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania and practiced medicine in Milwaukee and Canyon County, Idaho. He became Health Commissioner of Racine, Wisc., in 1923 and during his eight years in this office, Racine won first honors in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. He is the author of nine books on health education and numerous magazine articles. He was the 1947 recipient of the Elizabeth Severance Prentiss National Award in Health Education. He is a member of numerous medical boards and committees. In addition to his directorship in the AMA he is associate editor of *Hygeia*, a lay magazine published by the association.



Frances S. Lovell (*Florida Will Always Be There*, page 19) is pretty widely known up in Vermont where, under the by-line



of "The Country Woman," she edits a column for a string of weekly newspapers. Like the engaging main character in her story, she is the wife of an RFD carrier—and, also like that fictional pair, she and her husband hope to

get to the Sunshine State when he retires. "In fact," she says, "the plot of 'Florida Will Always Be There' is a very real angle which has arisen in our own real-life story!"

Five hours daily she gives to writing stories, articles and poems. On the side, just for diversion, she tends to a cow, some pigs, chickens and bees. And between such chores, she somehow finds time to stencil furniture, work in her extensive flower beds and preside over meetings of the local garden club, of which she is president.

Sounds like a rather full life to us!

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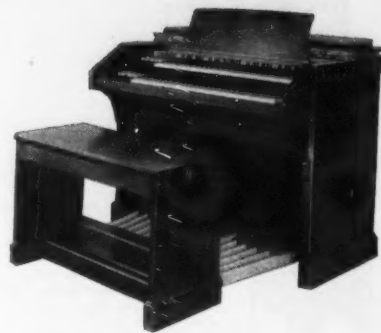
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OUR READERS *Ask* DR. POLING ANSWERS

Carols in Brooklyn

• *I have read many contradictory statements about the order by an officer of the New York Board of Education forbidding the singing of Christmas carols in Brooklyn. What are the facts?*

There was such an order which affected a number of schools. Afterward it was rescinded by higher officials. The situation that developed was very unfortunate. Much happier was a united holiday celebration in the auditorium of the Brooklyn High School for Homemaking. Participating were children of 23 public schools, 3 vocational high schools and 4 academic high schools. Those who played and sang their parts were of all religions, all denominations and all colors. Herbert Gardner, 12, had this to say in his introductory speech: "We recommend to you a musical evening paying homage to two great festivals, the Jewish festival of Chanukah and the Christian festival of Christmas. . . . In this season of light that flows from the candles of the Menorah and from the figures of the Holy Mother and the Christ Child in the manger, we join hands and say to each other, 'My brother.'"

The music included historic numbers with carols of various national derivation. Among these were the Negro carol, "Round the Glory Manger," the "Was-sail Song" of England, "Silent Night" from Germany and "Sing We Noel" from France. In some school districts of Brooklyn ninety percent of the children are Jewish.

Drunken Driving

• *What are the latest figures on drunken driving or on drinking as it affects safety on the road?*

BANGOR, ME.

A. R. B.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation reports that during the first six months of 1947, 371,228 fingerprints were sent to Washington of which 86,258 were the result of arrests for drunkenness. This figure is 2½ times larger than the next greatest number of arrests for any other crime. There were 19,314 fingerprints for those who drove while intoxicated and 3,678 for violation of local and state (not Federal) liquor laws. The total is 109,259 direct arrests connected with liquor or nearly one-third of all fingerprint records submitted.

Misstatement

• *Is it true as reported in "Christian Century" that you have resigned your pulpit to give all your time to universal military training? If not, why should the statement be made?*

It is not true! I do not know why the statement should be made. Following is the correction requested by the president of the board of trustees at Baptist Temple in Philadelphia: "The announcement appearing in the January 7th issue of the *Christian Century* concerning our senior pastor, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, is mistaken and false. Our pastor is not leaving his pulpit, but with the coming of Dr. Norman W. Paullin, Dr. Poling will concentrate his ministry upon the inter-faith memorial chapel and the unique program he has conceived for it. His advocacy of universal military training is from profound convictions which we support, but your statement is a disservice which we are sure you will gladly correct." Signed: Harry L. Jenkins.

Taft and Europe

• *Is it true that United States Senator Taft used the words, "People don't completely collapse. They go on living anyway," in referring to conditions in Europe and in opposing help to Europe?*

Evidently it is true that he used the words. He was so reported and he has not issued a denial. However, he did not indicate disapproval of help to Europe. That should be made clear, but it is unfortunate that he spoke as he did.

"Calculated Risk"

• *Is it not a fact that going forward with the Marshall Plan we run a great risk of becoming embroiled not only with Russia, but with all the countries she directs?*

How great is the risk I do not know, but it is there. Secretary of State Marshall recognizes this fact and refers to the risk as a "calculated risk," but it is not a risk of the magnitude of war. For this plan we are asked to spend for peace about five percent of what we spent in the equivalent time for war. If we do not spend this now we may spend immeasurably more presently—if we do not take this risk, if we do not make this effort in an effective way.

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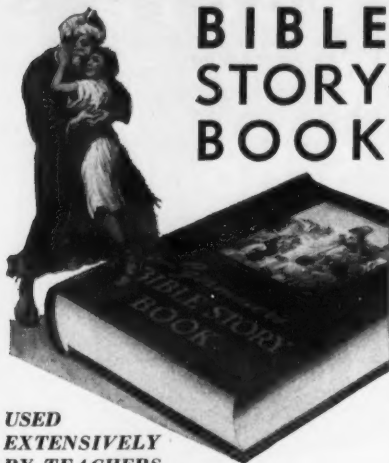
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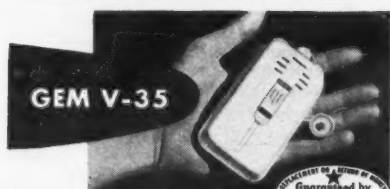
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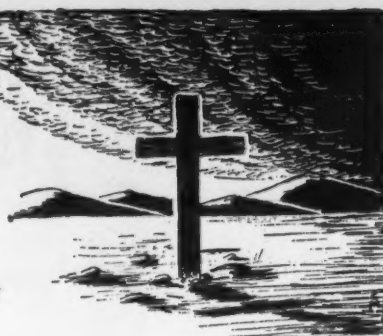
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A Cross Rises From a Bomb

By GAYE L. MCGLOTHLEN



MY DAD preached a sermon yesterday as usual. He does it every Sunday. But yet this wasn't a sermon "as usual" for me. Sometimes I almost go to sleep while he talks. Other times I think too much about Saturday's football game. But once in awhile I have less difficulty understanding what he's talking about, and I think the meaning of his message yesterday didn't go over my twelve-year-old head.

THE sermon topic in the bulletin looked interesting when I read, "A Cross Rises From a Bomb." I stopped drawing airplanes on the paper when I read that. Jack, center on our ball team, sat next to me. I nudged him and whispered, "D'ya reckon Dad's gonna preach on the war again? Why, we won it almost three years ago!"

"Hope he doesn't," Jack whispered back, "cause it almost makes Mom cry and she's sad when we get home." Jack's big brother was killed on Iwo Jima.

The words "crosses" and "bombs" kept running through my mind during the offering and while the choir sang what seemed to be a longer anthem than usual. What could Dad say about these two words?

Soon the music was over and even Jack and I didn't have to pretend we were interested, as everybody got quiet for the sermon. Dad soon was talking.

It seems his whole sermon was suggested by a cross they erected recently out in New Mexico on the second anniversary of Hiroshima. It marks the spot where the atom bomb was first tested. Dad wondered why a cross was selected as a marker instead of something else. I thought it was a queer thing to do too. Dad kept talking and I got to thinking.

I became a Christian just last year. I learned that Jesus died on a cross to save me from sin. The cross was a place of death, but I learned it was also a place of victory. Maybe they put that cross out there in the desert because victory came to us in the war through the atom bomb. If that's the reason, I don't think I like it. Jesus loved peace too much.

But maybe that cross suggests, as Dad says, that only through the power of the cross can future wars with atom bombs be prevented. I think I like that idea. It teaches the real truth that when people become Christians everywhere there will be no wars. Yes, I think that's why a cross was used for the memorial in New Mexico.

If folks get that message from that cross, then the little cross over Jack's brother's grave on Iwo Jima will have greater meaning too.

I've heard some people say that it won't be long till fellows the age of Jack and me will have to go and use these atom bombs in war against an enemy who will also have them. I'm not afraid to go, but somehow I don't think my life will be lived to the fullest if I give it on the altar of war in some bomb shell hole and then somebody puts a little cross over me to mark my grave.

I THINK Dad was right when he closed his sermon by saying we must be reminded by this cross at the place of the bomb that "we are to be living sacrifices on the altar of peace. The message of the cross of Christ is one of triumph over sin. It points the way to peace on earth." I want to give my life to that ideal.

I hope that's what the men meant when they put that cross out there in the West!

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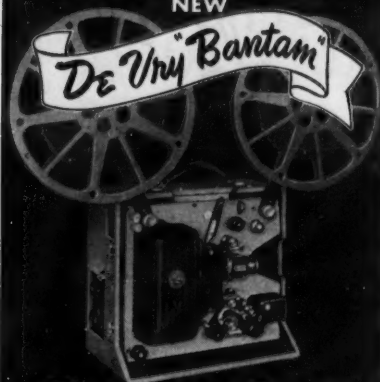
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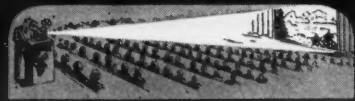
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Sunday School Lessons

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver

● Sunday, April 4th

A PROPHET AMONG EXILES

EZEKIEL 1:1-3; 3:11, 17-21; 4:1-3

IN THE reign of the good king Josiah, workmen repairing the temple found the long lost Books of Moses. They were made the basis for sweeping reforms. Jeremiah was at the height of his influence in Judah. About this time a baby was born into a priestly family and named Ezekiel—"God is strong." As a growing, sensitive lad he was in the very center of the conflicting currents of national policy. Josiah made the mistake of depending on foreign alliances to save Judah while Jeremiah sought to win the nation to complete God-dependence. Josiah died, bravely fighting the mighty army of Egypt on the field of Megiddo. Babylon swept in to overcome Egypt and conquer Jerusalem. What stirring, trying times for this young patriot Ezekiel!

The DP's are today one of our most pressing international problems. So prominent is this problem that in our usual American style we have abbreviated displaced persons into DP's. From earliest times conquerors have moved populations in order to prevent revolt. Ezekiel was in the first band of hostages carried into captivity, all of them leading and influential citizens. A large group of them was settled in the colony of Tel Abib in Chaldea on the banks of the river Chebar. Hope of survival for the DP is organization of life in the new home. Ezekiel took a leading part in establishing this colony. He was priest and pastor to his flock. For the first five years in Tel Abib he seems to have had no special call to prophesy. Then the call came, described in the pictorial language so characteristic of Ezekiel.

The whole book of Ezekiel is full of proverbs, parables, allegories and dramatic acts on the part of the prophet. We need to know that these were favorite methods of teaching in the Orient. For us they are often mystifying. Ezekiel was both poet and mystic, a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions. The burden of his first messages was to prepare his people for news of the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. God warned him that he would be speaking to a stubborn people.

He might have said to God "What is the use of preaching to a people who will not listen?" We sometimes excuse ourselves from witnessing to our neigh-

bors because we know they will treat us either with laughter or indifference. God told Ezekiel in no uncertain terms that his responsibility was to speak the truth and the hearers then would be responsible if they refused his message.

ONE OF EZEKIEL's first messages described graphically the coming destruction of Jerusalem. When we recall how the Jews centered their hopes in Jerusalem, we can understand how devastating this was to be for them. They could easily drop into the very depths of doubt and despair. Ezekiel was to teach his people to rest their faith in God, not in a city or a temple. This very personal religion that Ezekiel proclaimed will be further studied in our lesson next Sunday. It is enough to say here that human nature is constantly demanding some material center around which to build its life.

Since VE Day a number of the leading churchmen of Germany have come to America. I have heard them speak and without exception they have declared that for many Germans the destruction of their cities, with their churches and institutions, had driven them to doubt and despair. For many other thousands these losses have driven them to a new personal reliance on God. They have learned to put new meaning in the first words of David's beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Six years after Ezekiel began his prophecies, that which he had foretold came to pass. That his people did not lose their hope was due to his faithfulness. Happy is any people that has an Ezekiel in the time of trouble. God is strong!

Questions:

Each one of us is called to witness for Christ. Have we a right to keep silent when we are sure our witness will bring us embarrassment and mockery? Is this a valid excuse for failing "to say a word for Jesus"?

Read the story of Ezekiel's greatest loss (Ezekiel 24:15-19). What lessons are here for the bereaved?

● Sunday, April 11th

EZEKIEL'S MESSAGE

EZEKIEL 18:1-4; 34:11-16; 36:25-28

"THE fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." This proverb was so much used (Continued on page 73)

Yours to keep!

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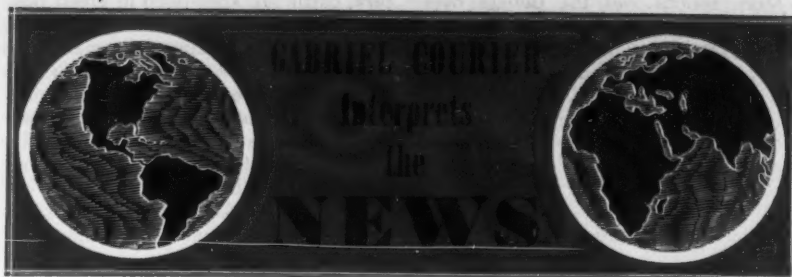
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Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!





• AT HOME •

TAFT-HARTLEY: Section 304 of the Taft-Hartley Act makes it unlawful for any labor organization to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any political election or convention or caucus. Labor has fought that from the start, with a barrage of words. Three weeks after the act was passed, the weekly *CIO News* in Baltimore urged the election of a labor-sympathetic candidate, printed 1,000 extra copies of the *News* and circulated them at a cost reported to be \$1,000. Last month a Federal grand jury indicted the *CIO* and Philip Murray, who made the plea in the *News*, for alleged violation of Section 304.

So we are to have the first court test of the law. Labor says this law, or at least this Section 304, is unconstitutional; Senator Taft, whose name is on the bill, also doubts the constitutionality of Section 304. The court will decide.

If the court decides in favor of labor, Republicans will have suffered a bad blow, and the Democrats will be throwing their hats in the air. The Democrats could stand a little of that; they can go to town then, calling the Republicans the enemies of labor; and citing the long Roosevelt-Truman efforts in behalf of labor. Many observers think Mr. Taft signed his own political death warrant when he allowed his name to go on that bill. Mr. Hartley doesn't care; he is bowing out of politics at the end of his term in the House.

So keep a sharp eye on this court decision. It will carry political dynamite.

CANDIDATES: Stassen gained much strength when Eisenhower bowed out of the presidential race; most political solons admit that. And they think it was wise for "Ike" to quit. Secure in his fame as a warrior, he might have suffered badly in the mud-slinging of a political campaign, where lies are a dime a dozen even about decent (and supposedly secure) candidates.

In the South, Dewey is gaining; even delegations which will go from Dixie to the Republican convention uninstruced are said to be all set to vote for the New York governor. Texas, however, with the largest southern delegation (30-odd) is said to be for Taft. Dewey still holds New York, Nebraska, Wisconsin—all important states.

Stassen is the weakest of the three at the moment, but his snowball has begun to roll. His attack on the speculators in Washington has worked for him, not against, as this commentator thought it might; his high-speed campaigning has won him a multitude of sympathizers. But Stassen is counting on a convention deadlock—he thinks he might ride in as second choice if Taft and Dewey meet an impasse, which they well may.

Three dark horses paw the ground, waiting for that deadlock: they are Stassen, Vandenberg, MacArthur. We'd list their chances in just about that order.

Then there's Mr. Truman who, the Democrats say, can *easily* lick any Republican with the possible exception of MacArthur. But Democrats have been wrong . . .

JITTERY: The stock market was jittery this month. In Chicago corn, oats and wheat hit bottom; in New York the market went into a (brief) sympathetic slump. There were headlines for a few days, but nobody seemed particularly frightened over it. Things straightened out and life went on.

The smartest economists in this country—of all political complexions—agree that there is nothing to be frightened about. If we can all get that into our heads, we'll save ourselves a lot of headaches; it was fright that was responsible for a lot of the grief in the pre-Roosevelt depression. This is the last country in the world to be worried about a crash in stocks, at least for months and maybe years to come. That is, if we keep our heads.

The President still calls for price controls; he thinks that is the one solution. Maybe so. But there are a lot of attendant problems which he seems to ignore—shortage of materials, labor on the rampage, etc. They all go together; you solve one to solve the other. It will take a long time . . .

Stock market or no stock market, the U. S. housewife was as happy as she's not been since 1939. Bread went down, during these jitters, a penny a loaf; bacon dropped 10 cents a pound; flour went down 17 cents per 25-lb. bag. It's an ill wind . . .

MILITARY: The presence of military men in high (civilian) government offices has raised something of a hue and

cry across the nation. "Keep the brass hats out of the government!" has become almost a battle-cry. Well, let's look at the brass hats in the government.

General Eisenhower has left the lists as a presidential candidate; General Omar N. Bradley is succeeded by a civilian as head of the Veterans Administration; Major General Hilldring is out as Assistant Secretary of State for Occupied Areas; Major General Groves is no longer head of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission. Congress has turned down Major General Laurence S. Kuter as appointee for the office of chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Slated to leave are General Lucius D. Clay in Germany, in favor of a State Department civilian, Lt. Gen. Geoffrey Keyes as administrator in Austria, General MacArthur, who also will give way to a civilian within a year or so. Staying in their jobs are General Marshall, Secretary of State, Rear Admiral R. K. Hillenkoetter of the Central Intelligence Agency, Lt. Gen. Walter Bedell Smith as ambassador to Russia, Admiral Alan G. Kirk as ambassador to Belgium; Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines as ambassador to Panama, General Thomas Holcomb (Marines) as ambassador to the Union of South Africa.

The generals and the admirals are beating a retreat. And personally, we think that's good!

COURIER'S CUES: Three-fourths of the taxes you paid this year go for war or national defense or war's aftermath . . . Russia is building landing craft at Odessa; for use in the Black Sea? . . . If not the Marshall Plan then we must spend more on defense, on hemispherical scale; take your choice, they'll get your money anyway . . . In oil, the shortage will hold until winter of '49-'50 . . . Leftists in labor organizations are on way out, thanks to Wallace split . . . The South won't bolt over Truman civil liberties question . . . John L. Lewis will call more strikes in April; oil shortage is playing right into his hands . . . American Forum of the Air may be dropped soon; good riddance; disgusting program . . . John Gunther has new book, "Inside Washington," about ready for the printers . . . And Attorney General Clark is readying a book on juvenile delinquency . . . Gangster movies are on the way out; they will be supplanted by the documentary-type film which has shown a big success at the box office; more than fifty of the latter are on the Hollywood agenda . . . And that's all for this month.

• ABROAD •

EIRE: "Dev" is out of the seat he has held at the head of the Irish government for sixteen years—but cautious politicians in Eire aren't saying he's out for long. Their guess—and ours—is that Eamon de Valera will stay the helm

again within six months, if not before.

What they have in Eire now, as a result of the general election, is a five-party coalition; the question is, can these five parties work smoothly on a united program? If you know your Irishmen, it's doubtful. And de Valera is an oldtimer at upsetting politicians and political balances. He'll be back. Watch him.

The temporary prime minister, John A. Costello, is a rarity in Dublin: he did *not* fight at the barricades against the British—and he is preaching cooperation with England. What a world this is!

INDIA: So he's gone—the little brown man in the white loincloth who was the greatest Indian since Buddha. Cut down by an idiot's bullet, he made the sign of forgiveness for his killer before he died. As he died, the world wept. There is no man capable of filling his sandals.

Mountbatten once paid him the perfect tribute when he wrote: "My Dear Gandhi: In the Punjab I have 55,000 troops, and riots on my hands. In Calcutta I have one man (Gandhi) and peace. May I pay my tribute to my one-man boundary force?" Gandhi was never interested in the petty day-by-day performances of little men; religious to the core, he stood for eternal values and the driving power of love and understanding. Non-violent in a war-riddled world, he not only brought India—and Pakistan—to obey his will; when he died, the international statesmen at the United Nations stopped their arguing to honor his name.

What happens now? It depends largely on Mr. Nehru, prime minister of India. The great unifying spirit is gone; in the Congress Party, which was Gandhi's platform, Nehru competes for power with Deputy Prime Minister Patel. Nehru is head of the government but Patel is strong; if Nehru can keep the tempestuous Indian house in order, peace will reign in India. If the hot-heads prevail, there will be war.

But not a long war. We have said before and we say it again: *give India a chance*. They'll work it out. They need Western help, not Western scorn. And let's remember that in the United States fanatics have shot *three* Presidents. We're two up on the Indian!

LONDON: In Parliament, two bitter debates raged. One was in Lords over the "reform" of that body. The House of Lords, says many an Englishman, is definitely on the way out; to prop its creaking ancient timbers, it is actually suggested by Lord Lindsay of Birker that more lords be created out of "some ordinary blokes!" The "ordinary blokes" have come to power in a big way in England; they seem more interested in keeping that power than in becoming lords.

More serious was the debate over gold and sterling in Commons. Prime Minister Attlee called for the freezing of general wages as well as profits—and Labor howled. The Labor leaders said they just couldn't keep the faithful in line if that happened. But it must be done, said Attlee: both wages and prices *must* be pegged.

The trouble here is that England's financial and economic stability depend upon her gold reserves in the sterling area. Britain's gold now stands at 2.6 billion dollars; if it fell to one billion, England would be out of business as

tury, cattle are knee-deep in green pasture land. British farmers are plowing their fields and prospects for a bumper crop are good. Afar, in Australia and Argentina, there will be big crops. As one Italian peasant woman put it, "Now that the sun is reaching again into the dark corners of our valley, we have no fear." They will eat!

Thus God takes care of the food. Man must take care of the rest.

PALESTINE: The United Nations has the question squarely in its lap now; either it will send an army to Palestine



Drawn especially for Christian Herald by Wendell Arnett

banker for the sterling bloc. Worse, gold and dollars are running out at the terrifying rate of 200 million dollars a month!

What can save England? You tell us; we give up. It is the most desperate financial crisis of her history.

WEATHER: This last winter was the worst winter we have ever had—in the United States. But it was the best winter they have ever had—in Europe.

We froze and stumbled through mountains of snow—which, melting, will do the soil no harm. In Europe they had warmer weather. France's wheat crop promises to double last year's three million tons, thanks to that weather. In Italy, after the mildest winter in a cen-

to enforce partition, or it will fail to do so and lose whatever face it has left.

They are arguing the question as we go to press; you who read these lines may have read elsewhere of their decision before your *HERALD* reaches you. Then you'll know whether the United Nations is to continue or die; its fate rests on this decision.

And the United States will have much to do with the decision. In Washington two schools of thought hold forth. One says that we cannot afford to antagonize the Arabs by sending such an army; the other says that the Arabs will go on selling us oil whether we send the army or not. This commentator holds to the latter; there's too much money in oil for the Arab to throw it over his shoulder;

what's more, that money is in good, solid, American dollars, which right now is the safest money in the world.

The United States has a moral and political obligation in Palestine now which it cannot dodge. The British move out; we move in. You don't like it? Neither do we—but oil talks. That, and not our highfalutin talk about homelands and human rights, is what lies at the root of the trouble. Economics first, then morality! It's sad but it's true.

SPAIN: Spain seeks a new place in the sun; she wants "in" with the Western society of nations. She argues that she is entitled to that because 1) she is the oldest and most relentless enemy of Communism; 2) she has commercial treaties with five of the sixteen Marshall Plan signatory nations; 3) she is in a strategic geographical position to help restore European economy. All of which sounds well enough. The one powerful argument levelled against all that is that Spain is still in the grip of a butcher named Franco who refuses to liberalize his government. Spain may fight Communism, but Spain is still Fascist. She must correct that before she can expect any of her glittering overtures to be taken very seriously by the Western nations.

Spain thus far has paid her own way; how she has done that is a bleak story. And how much longer she can pay her own way is open to speculation. Watch for a bid from Spain for U. S. money; she needs it. If we send her dollars there will be strings on them. Perhaps then Fascism will weaken, and Spain will have a chance with her sister nations.

• CHURCH NEWS •

ADVANTAGES: Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, speaking in Philadelphia, lists the advantages of a united American Church, to wit:

"We could unite our overseas missions under one head; we could have one Protestant radio hour, in place of a hundred (or a thousand?) scattered denominational 'hours'; we could have a respectable Protestant daily newspaper; we could have visual education that would be effective instead of amateurish; ministers and missionaries could be trained in union theological seminaries."

Looks good from where we sit!

UNION: Some months back we had a little item in this department criticizing a Lutheran body for its lack of interest in inter-church cooperation. Objections and rebuffs rained down on our head from all directions; we stuck to our guns then, for we were reporting facts and not ideas. Now comes word from the meeting of the National Lutheran Council which gives evidence that in that council there is a lively interest in



INT. NEWS

BROTHERHOOD: As part of Brotherhood Week observance, the Rev. Everett W. Palmer is shown (left) delivering his sermon from the pulpit of Temple Beth El in Asbury Park, N. J. while Rabbi Arios S. Hyans delivers his address from the pulpit of the First Methodist Church. Similar exchanges were made in other cities.

the subject. And it is an affirmative interest.

At Richmond the council (made up of eight Lutheran bodies) heard Dr. Ralph H. Long, its executive director, call for "wider cooperation which would . . . involve some form of organic union." Elected president of the council, Dr. William U. Sodt of Milwaukee called unity a "must" and begged for a united Lutheran front.

Good luck, Lutherans!

PREXY: Moody Bible Institute in Chicago has had, since its founding in 1886, only five presidents: Moody, R. A. Torrey, James M. Gray, Will H. Haughton and now, just elected, William Culbertson.

A graduate of Temple University, and a former bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church, Dr. Culbertson is still young, aggressive, alert, efficient: we'd say Moody will move fast, under him. Just to keep himself busy, the new "prexy" will not only guide the Institute, but he will help guide the China Inland Mission as well, act as editor-in-chief of *Moody Monthly*, and write the International Sunday School Lessons for that magazine. He has what is known as "drive"—plus.

NATIONAL: The opposition to certain practices of the Roman Catholic hierarchy seems to have reached a national scale in this country. This month we read that:

In North Dakota initiation of a referendum measure prohibiting teachers in

the public schools from wearing any garb denoting religious order or denomination is demanded by an influential Protestant group; in Trenton, N. J., and in Newark, N. J., *The Nation* (left-wing secular magazine) has been banned from the schools because of a series of articles on the Roman Catholic Church; in Seattle, Wash., the state superintendent of public instruction has been called out of order by the King County prosecuting attorney for attempting to declare void a state law giving parochial school children free rides on school buses and the Protestants are up in arms; and the 29th annual Ohio pastors convention declares that the Roman Catholic Church seeks a "privileged position in the body politic."

The fight assumes bigger and bigger proportion. It is one of those fights that must come; may it stay within reasonable bounds!

FILMS: At Rochester, N. Y., the Trinity Methodist Church has organized the Trinity Production Company to produce educational and religious films. Thirty-five nonpaid churchmembers make up the staff; their first film is "Scenes from the Life of Peter," enacted by the young people of the church.

Well, this is a free country with a free church. There isn't any law forbidding the formation of such an enterprise, nor should there be. But we wonder about this. We haven't seen the equipment of this studio, but we have seen Hollywood, and we have seen many a similar church effort produce films that just couldn't stand comparison with the Hollywood product. If this effort in Rochester is to produce films *only* for local consumption and of local interest, then it's up to the local public and not



DR. CULBERTSON



AWARD: Joseph Q. Mayne (center), vice president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, presents a special citation for the radio program, "The Greatest Story Ever Told" to Paul W. Litchfield (right), chairman of the board of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company which sponsors the program as a public service. Robert Saudek, vice president, American Broadcasting Co., is on the left.

up to us to judge the final end product.

But we believe that American Protestantism can produce really worthwhile films only in combining its money and talents in a big, national way. There is a real attempt at that in the Protestant Film Commission, which has just produced an excellent film in "Beyond Our Own," and which at the moment has not less than thirty movies in various stages of production. If we all support that we may get somewhere.

Good luck, Rochester—but please keep your eye on the Commission!

CANDIDATE: Twice in **CHRISTIAN HERALD** there have appeared articles about and by the Rev. Joseph A. Rabun, ex-minister of Gene Talmadge's (Macon, Ga.) Baptist Church. Ousted last year from his pulpit for challenging the Talmadge philosophy of white supremacy, Rabun now enters the political lists as candidate for the governorship of Georgia.

He has precedent on his side; his great-uncle William Rabun was once governor of the state. But we doubt that he will have enough votes to win in such a state and at such a time. We don't imagine that he expects to win. He's carrying a banner. Thrown out of one arena, he enters another; in politics he finds a chance to carry on his fight.

As an indication of the drift of Georgian opinion on the race question, the returns should be studied with close attention.

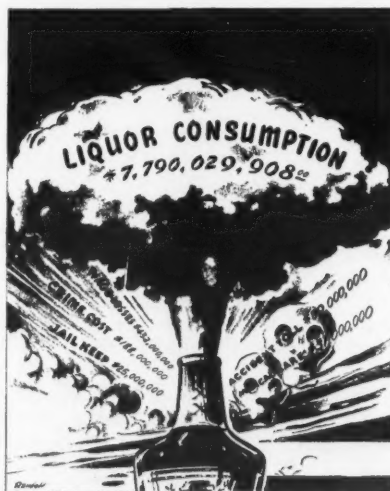
KLAN: While we're still on the South, we take time out to report that the Ku Klux Klan is riding again—evidently

against odds it had not really expected.

When the Klan asked the City Council of Anderson, South Carolina, for a parade permit it got a resounding "No!" by way of reply. Mayor Sherard said bluntly that "no one wearing a mask is going to parade in Anderson if I have anything to say about it." And that was that.

In Lakeview, Ga., the wife of a schoolteacher, "under suspicion" among the Klansmen, was home alone when the Klan rode up at midnight to burn a cross in her front yard. She went out, kicked down the cross, called the night-riders a lot of yellow cowards, and ordered them off the premises.

Sure, there will always be hoodlums



Courtesy "Christian Advocate"

ready to engage in violence behind the mask of the bigot—but the intelligent, Christian South has had about enough of the Klan. Many who once were conveniently blind when the Klan rode by now have their eyes open—like the Anderson alderman who said, "If it ever comes to the point where the white people have to rise up, I'm ready to go just as I am dressed now. I am not in favor of any masked or hooded mob."

When more feel like that, there will be no need for the white folks to "rise up!"

• TEMPERANCE •

BUGABOO: A full-page ad of Schenley Distillers Corporation holds our dry eye this month. It is a smart ad—for the man who runs too fast to sit down and think it over. The burden of the Schenley complaint is that the government has no right to restrict the supply of American grain to the distillers. For, claims Schenley, the very European countries begging grain from us are using it to make liquor and, worst of all, this is another attempt to force Prohibition on the American people.

We go along with them in their objection to the Europeans making liquor from our grain while their people cry for bread; if that is true, then let's stop sending them grain *now*. It wouldn't take long to stop that one. But when the distillers cry "Prohibition," they make in frantic fear a charge that isn't true.

Schenley cries: "Don't let anyone tell you that the distillers are against aid to Europe." If the distillers were for it, they wouldn't be kicking so hard against any restriction. And haven't the distillers piled up stocks to tide them over the suggested holiday anyway? And is there any industry that we can get along better without than the distilling industry—even if it does consume only a minute proportion of American grain (which we doubt)?

NEW NAME: The Anti-Saloon League is no more. Its name now stands changed to The National Temperance League. New superintendent is young and vigorous Major Clayton M. Wallace of New Hampshire.

We like this. We understand that the oldtimers in the Anti-Saloon League loved the old name and fought for it; we also understand that sometimes a name carries with it certain inferences that make it the target of unintelligent attack. What's in a name? A lot.

The National Temperance League, we imagine, will carry on the local-option program of the old league. They are on good fighting ground with that policy; slowly but surely they are winning. In the end there is but one aim: the abolition of the liquor plague. It doesn't matter much which road we take so long as we get there.

Dr. William D. Coolidge with million-volt x-ray tube. His pioneer work at General Electric revolutionized the production of x-rays.



General Electric research and engineering help everybody

Research that led to the first really practical x-ray tube brought health gains impossible to measure in money. Research has brought steady improvements in lighting: two 60-watt lamps now give as much light as three did in 1923, and today's lamp sells for less than one-third as much. Research on high vacuum played a big part in developing modern radio and television . . . It is estimated that for each dollar earned for the Company, General Electric research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars.

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Editorially Speaking...

● THE HERALD COUNTER-ATTACKS!

FOR months CHRISTIAN HERALD has stated the case of decent America against indecent books. The time has come for more aggressive action. Always there have been indecencies in print, but not until now have reputable publishers really prospected this "pay-dirt." Today the stream of unclean fiction has increased to such a point that it is a flood, a serious threat to the foundations of our American way of life. Month after month books are sent to me for review which are as obscene as the galley of a cargo ship, but seldom does the publisher's advertising intimate the character of his product. A novel insulting the simplest decencies of life, carrying a reputable name, enters the home and assaults the mind of youth and age without warning. We have decided to counter attack!

CHRISTIAN HERALD and the John C. Winston Company have formed the *Home Reading Club* to make available to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers and others the very best in American literature. The following four distinguished Americans, with the Editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD, constitute the review board:

BESS STREETER ALDRICH, novelist, shortstory writer;
EDWIN BALMER, Editor of *Redbook Magazine*;
FULTON OURSLER, Senior Editor of *Reader's Digest*;
DREW PEARSON, commentator, newspaper columnist.

The board will pass upon each book before it goes to a club member.

Join the *Home Reading Club* now and you will receive at regular prices the best books available—entertaining, exciting, romantic books—and always books that you can safely welcome into your home. Also, you will receive, *free*, books worth up to \$7.00 each—one for joining and one for every three books you buy. And the more members we enroll, the more everyone will save.

Equally important, you will join and support a crusade for decent literature, a crusade to help change a reading trend that is fast becoming a social menace.

Descriptive folders containing complete information are available upon request.

We are investing a considerable sum of money in the faith that CHRISTIAN HERALD readers, numbering well over one-and-a-quarter million, will make the *Home Reading Club* a victorious crusade!

● YOU'D BETTER!

"I WALK ALONE" is a gangster film produced by Hal Wallis for Paramount. Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* had this to say, "It's a mighty low class of people that you will meet in Paramount's 'I Walk Alone'—and a mighty low grade of melodrama, if you want the honest truth—in spite of a very swanky setting and an air of great elegance." Later on in this searching criticism is a paragraph that is significant of the indictment that may be brought and should be

brought not only against this particular picture, but against gangster films in general.

"It is notable that the slant of sympathy is very strong toward the mugg who did the 'stretch,' as though he were some kind of martyr. Nice thing! Producer Hal Wallis should read the Code."

Something more than reading the code is called for and we believe now inevitable. J. Edgar Hoover, the educators and the clergy of all faiths, also child psychologists generally, are in agreement—the gangster film should go! Save only box receipts, there is absolutely no excuse for it. The gangster film is a social parasite. Whatever the end of the gangster and however he comes to it, he has such heroic experiences before he arrives that the average American adolescent would pay the price to get the thrill and notoriety. Let's gang up on the gangster film and give it the death quickly that its hero reaches only after great and glorious delay.

Later: The Code has been revised to prohibit gangster films.

● STRIKING A BLOW FOR SOBRIETY

PUEBLO, COLORADO, has recently written a new version of one famous Bible passage, as follows:

"Parents, obey your children in the Lord, for this is right." John Krasoveck applied to the Pueblo City Commissioner for a license to open a drive-in beer establishment near Memorial Palace Park in Pueblo. On Monday following the filing of the application, a delegation of thirty boys and girls appeared bearing a protest petition which carried the signatures of seventy-eight children. Chairman John E. Hill of the Board remarked humorously, "You are protesting to the city," and a youthful spokesman shot back, "That means protest, period."

The petition read: "We, the children of taxpayers in the vicinity of 14th and Santa Fe, appear in protest to the proposed request of anyone selling liquor in the locality of our homes. We consider it imposing on our safety and freedom to play in that part of town. We consider it a nuisance and a menace, and we ask the aid of our City Commissioners to help us eliminate this hazard to our moral and physical well-being." Then followed the names and addresses of the seventy-eight youngsters.

When the boys and girls got through presenting their case—and they presented it quite on their own and without the presence of their parents—the request for the license was withdrawn.

Daniel A. Foling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



Foot Race at Dawn

The Resurrection started men running—first to discover the Good News, then to spread it. It still is “stop-press” news!

By **HALFORD E. LUCCOCK**
ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO

IT is no accident that every story of the Resurrection in the Gospels ends up as the story of a foot race. Good news cannot walk. It *runs*. The good news of the Resurrection of Jesus struck the minds and imaginations of those who first heard it with such force that they started running. Peter and John do a half-mile race. John wins by a length. The women join in. We read of Mary, “She runneth, therefore.” There is a swift succession of foot races.

The finest picture of the First Easter which the imagination has ever conceived is not the picture of an empty tomb, or even of the risen Christ. It is the familiar picture of two faces, the faces of Peter and John as they raced to the tomb. Into their strained faces, filled with wonder, there seems compressed the trembling hope of the whole world.

As Easter breaks over the world—this year as in no other since that first Easter morn—it is tremendous stop-the-press news, news that is related to every life and to every issue in our world. In Ernest Poole’s novel, “The Harbor,” published about forty years ago, one of the characters is an im-

patient and headlong reformer who has a strong disdain for history as being entirely unimportant. “History,” he says, “is just news from a graveyard.”

That is a notable phrase—“news from a graveyard.” (Of course, that is a rather common idea of history, held by people who suffer from the blight of contemporaneity, and believe that the world began last Saturday night.) The phrase is a memorable description of Easter.

More than that, the best news in the world is always “news from a graveyard.” Take that flower blooming along the side of the house, in a beautiful yellow and green. That’s the best news in the world of nature, the sign of spring after a long winter. It is news from a graveyard. “Except the seed fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.” But the seed, by losing its life, finds it. Out of the grave comes the good news of the flower.

The best news about America is not in the morning paper. It is news from a graveyard. News from a graveyard in Springfield, Illinois, the grave of Abraham Lincoln—for that

is news of what America has been and might be at its best.

The best news in the international world is not the latest report from Moscow or Greece. It is news from a graveyard—in a Washington cathedral, the grave of Woodrow Wilson, the legacy of a vision of a family of nations, a linked and steadfast guard set on peace on earth.

The best news for all the world and all the years is news from a graveyard in Jerusalem, a grave near "a green hill far away, outside a city wall."

Today again we lift up our hearts to the good news of Easter as it comes into a world full of bad news.

I

Easter is good news about the universe, about *God*. It proclaims that the world is not an orphan asylum, not a machine shop, not just a whirling ball hurled through endless space. It is a home. At its heart is not just something but some *One*. It is the breath-taking news that love is the ultimate power in the universe.

Eternal life is credible because we believe in God the Father. We believe that the God who has created personality can and will preserve that personality, the supreme creation in the universe.

It is in that truth of God's Fatherhood that we find the abiding reason for faith in immortality. If you are actually God's child—what *other* can ever conceivably take your place? It is perfectly reasonable that God might create another world, another universe, to replace this one. But what could replace a child?

Susanna Wesley had nineteen children. That is a good many, even for so notoriously competent a mother. It is highly probable that she got their clothes mixed on occasion. But do you imagine she ever got *them* mixed? Did Samuel sort of fade into John, and was Charles a misty blending of both? Would she have cared little if one slipped out of her life, finding ready comfort in the fact that she had eighteen left? If you have any doubt about it, read her letters to her children. Each one had his own individual place that none of the others—that not all eighteen together—could fill. A child is unique and irreplaceable. How much more must the Fatherhood of God imply an eternal place in the father's heart for each child!

"Where does your great river go?" David Livingstone would frequently ask the natives of the interior of Africa, pointing to the Congo. "It is lost in the sands," they always answered him. They had never seen the sea to which the river surely and irresistibly made its way. "Where does all your labor and effort go?" we frequently ask ourselves. And in moods of discouragement and

• A "Rate Yourself" Bible Quiz

Who Said It?



Identify the following quotations. Allow yourself 5 points for each correct answer. A score of 100 stamps you as a superior Bible student; 85-95 excellent; 75-80 good; 65-70 fair; 60 and below—well . . . (Answers on page 34)

Who said it?

1. Is there any taste in the white of an egg?
2. She brought forth butter in a lordly dish.
3. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.
4. While I was musing the fire burned.
5. The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart.
6. A living dog is better than a dead lion.
7. We have made a covenant with death.
8. They are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark.
9. Saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace.
10. Wizards that peep, and that mutter.
11. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.
12. Stolen waters are sweet.
13. The words of the wise are as goads.
14. Can ye not discern the signs of the times?
15. The end is not yet.
16. Be content with your wages.
17. What is truth?
18. Let your women keep silence in the churches.
19. His office let another take.
20. This thing was not done in a corner.

—B. GOODSIR

fatigue the answer comes, "It is lost in the sands!"

The victory of Jesus brings to our ears the roar of the distant sea, the assurance that our labor is not lost or void but is joined to the divine power of righteousness destined to conquer the world.

II

Easter is also good news about *man*, about ourselves. I got to thinking about that central truth of Christianity not long ago in an unusual place. I was marooned in a little town for two hours on a Sunday afternoon. While waiting for a train, I went into the only building that was open, the post office. There I occupied my time looking over the art gallery that decorates the walls of every post office, pictures of men wanted for robbing the United States mails. Several of them looked like some of my best friends! Rewards were offered for their capture, \$500 for some, \$1,000 for others, and for one, evidently a grand duke of the profession—\$5,000. Each man had a price on his head.

Then it struck me suddenly that those pictures were a crude but real suggestion of the heart of the Easter message, that *every* man has a price on his head, a *divine* price tag, an infinite worth in the sight of God.

That was the message with which Christianity went out to a hard Roman world, where men were cheap—the message of Jesus and the resurrection. It went down into ghettos and slave quarters, where men were bound with every conceivable fetter and chain, and put into their minds a new valuation of themselves, "Beloved, now are we *the sons of God*, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." That faith lifted men to their feet and sent them out into life with a new consciousness of worth.

So that news comes into our lives today—fortifying us for any amazement by the new price put upon us, the infinite eternal worth of the soul. Easter affirms that in a universe that is so careful about the indestructibility of matter, the highest, most precious creation of all will not be lost. That is something to sing about. So we sing on Easter—"He is risen, Hallelujah!"

That great faith has perhaps never been more persuasively expressed than in the quiet but tremendous words of Professor George Herbert Palmer on the death of his wife, Alice Freeman Palmer. These are his words, "Though no regrets are proper for her death, who can contemplate the fact of it and not call the world irrational if, out of deference to a few particles of disordered matter, it exclude so fair a spirit?"

Have we really received this great news from the graveyard where the tomb of Christ stood open? There is great wisdom in what may seem the record of a trivial conversation between

(Continued on page 79)

Florida

Will Always Be There

By FRANCES STOCKWELL LOVELL

ILLUSTRATOR: PHIL BERRY



Pa came up and sat down on the steps. He was hot and perspiring.

MA ROCKED placidly in the soft September sunshine. The porch rocker swayed peacefully in the checkered shade of the woodbine. The grey wool sock on the steel needles lay idle in her lap. Pa would not need wool socks this winter, for all her dreams were coming true: in November, when he retired from the mail job on which he had been R.F.D. carrier for twenty years, she and Pa were going to Florida.

That is, they were going to Florida if he would get that credit for the five months he had worked for Lime Eddy twenty years ago, and for which there was no record on the books at the post office! Of course, if he couldn't get that credit, he wouldn't have his twenty years to let him retire on his pension.

Ma smiled to herself with the smugness of a cream-filled cat. She folded her hands on the front of her blue percale dress that was spattered with the tomatoes she had been canning. Those tomatoes, she told herself, would come in handy when they came back home next spring! A tiny frown gathered between her eyebrows. If Pa couldn't get that credit, they would have to wait until spring, and that would mean next fall—and they would lose the little pink stucco house near the beach which she had practically told the real estate man they would take.

The little house had blue awnings and a terrace. Ma had always dreamed of a house near the ocean, a house with blue awnings where it was warm all winter. Maybe there wasn't another house like it in all Florida!

Ma sighed. Somewhere there *must* be a record of those five months Pa had worked for Lime when he was sick!

"I guess the government will see sense after we write 'em a few more letters," she said, rocking pleasantly. She often talked to herself, and when Pa laughed at her she said she could think of worse people to talk to. "Even if that office up in Burlington can't find any record, down in Washington they ought to find something!"

After all, Pa *did* work those five months, even if the postmaster did want to keep Lime on the payroll and the checks came made out to him.

Pa came around the corner of the house. He had been working in the strawberries. He got through the mail early this time of year. He was home for dinner by one-thirty every day except in the winter. Carrying the mail was a good job three-fourths of the year, but in the winter it took a lot out of you and your car.

Winters, the fellows in the post office didn't wise-crack about how Pa should be ashamed to take the money for such a cinch job! Winters, he was likely to be on the road almost all day,

(Continued on page 31)



Easter Garden of Verse

God's Flowers

My two small daughters, in a childish hour,
Thrilled by the beauty of our grounds in flower.
Gathered the heads of all my choicest bloom.
With skirts like baskets full, they sought my room.

Aghast, I chided, and the joyous light
Left their sweet faces, while in hurried flight
They dropped their blossoms in a jeweled heap.
Lip quivering, the baby turned to weep.

"Come, sister," said the elder one, "let's go
To the big field where all the daisies grow."
She whispered, as they went out hand in hand,
"We'll pick God's flowers. He will understand."

—Julia Budd Shafer

Always

WINTER is gone and the long snow,
The keen, persistent cold, the slow
Dark mornings and the early night,
The ice fields, crystalline and white,
And nightly, through the leafless trees,
Sight of the clustered Pleiades.

Always the winter, cold and dark,
Ends, and the nesting meadow lark
Calls in the greenening fields; the trees
Spread their translucent canopies
Against the sun; the searching root
Draws from the earth potential fruit.

Let not your heart be troubled! Where
The brown bud braved the biting air,
Crusted with ice, by wild winds tossed,
After the dark, the snow, the frost,
God strips away the tight, dry case
And leaves a blossom in its place.

—Elizabeth Shinn

Day in Spring

A path that leads through the greenening wood,
A hill where the gay winds ride,
A brook to leap,
Where the minnows sleep,
And a little boy close by my side.

I whistle my peace and his answer trills,
And care is relinquished to joy;
Content am I
'Neath a spring-swept sky,
When I tramp in the woods with my boy.

—Lois Snelling

Faith

As daffodils, when April storms are done,
Lift tear-wet faces to the sudden sun,
May I, when grief is spent, seek out the One
And say in simple faith, "Thy will be done."

—Ruby C. Hutcheson

With Lifted Hands

THE roses in my garden do not know
By what sustaining chemistry they grow.
They press their roots unquestioning through the dark
As toward a sure and ever-beckoning mark.
Their upward-reaching stems stretch out and spread
Young leaves to air and sun. And they are fed.

What matters it if roses cannot name
Or understand the power toward which they aim?
It is enough to them that earth and sky
Are theirs if they keep reaching. Else they die.

And that is prayer, though to a god unknown.
By reaching for a strength beyond their own
They live. I too, like my own roses, pray
With lifted hands. I know no other way.

—Pearl Bash Heckel

As Unto Him

I think that one who cleans the floor
And sweeps the walk before his door,
Attends his flocks and tills the sod
And does it all as unto God,
Is serving Him. At set of sun
One such may find that work well done
Has brought him joy, made him content
And sure each task was heaven sent.

—Edna O. Eldred

To A Sparrow

I wonder, when He made a parable of you,
If you were chirping shrilly on an ivied wall,
Or nimbly pecking crumbs, as now you do,
Across my feeding space?
Sometimes I think those beady restless eyes
Are searching for a Face.
Strange how, amid all the brilliant-plumaged clan,
You should have caught the fancy of the Son of Man!

—Roy Greenwood

Enigma of Spring

How do the pussywillows know
That spring is on the way?
By what sure subtle timing then
Do they put on their coats of grey?

Who guides the homing birds' return
Through storm and night and empty space?
What breath of spring is blowing sweet
From some far-distant place?

How do the fragile crocus buds
Burst through the frozen clod?
If I could answer one of these,
I'd tell you more of God.

—LeMoyne Holste

Easter of Earth

As I fared through the splendor of the dawn,
No cruel crosses stood against the sky
On that low hill, where sneering fools had gone
To watch the thieves and kindly Jesus die;
No shadow lingered in the garden ways
That led me, sorrowing, toward the tomb,
Where mournfully and in a stricken daze
We left the Master sleeping in the gloom.
But joyously the larks sang overhead,
The fragrant lilies danced around my feet,
And all the earth was quickening my tread
With music that was mystically sweet,
"Defying Death and flouting futile prison,
The Son of God has gloriously risen!"

—Edgar. Daniel Kramer

I Lift My Eyes

WHAT if tomorrow all my dreams depart
And leave me empty-handed and undone?
What if the hope I cherish in my heart
Today, should vanish e'er the goal is won?
And if fruition of my best-laid plan
Should go awry and leave me desolate,
Though I may own a magic talisman
To ward away the evil at my gate,
Still I have glimpsed the stars for one brief day
And in my heart I sang a hallowed song,
The flames were lighted as I knelt to pray
And though tomorrow may be hard and long,
Today I lift my eyes . . . remembering
That buds of hope burst into blossoming.

—Elysabeth M. Cooper

Humility

DEAR GOD, wilt thou this favor grant to me?
'Tis asked in deep humility.
Your leave to sit and rest at Jesus' feet,
When earthly tasks are all complete.
To blissfully gaze upward in His face,
Benign, in the presence of Your Grace.

Dear God, you see, when Jesus lived on earth,
'Twas centuries before my birth.
I never saw His smile, nor touched His hand,
Nor by His side did stand.
Is this too much to meekly ask, Dear God,
By one whose feet so erringly have trod?

—Helen Bechtolt

Hands

KING HEROD's hands were white as milk
And stiff with rings of gold;
And Caiaphas had cunning hands,
Blue-veined and thin and old.

Stout Peter's hands were strong and rough,
And swift to draw a sword;
Claw-fingered were the hands wherewith
Pale Judas sold his Lord.

Barabbas had stained palms, and wrists
Fast-manacled to shame;
Pilate, before the rabble, washed
His coward hands of blame.

And none among them dreamed the while
His hands worked to his will,
He drew their strength from One who toiled
Cross-laden to a Hill—

That earth's had been eternal night
Beneath the death-stamped sod,
But for the might and mercy of
The nail-pierced Hands of God.

—Ada Jackson

Joan of Las Vegas

"Where's Eileen?" is a password and shibboleth among 1,200 youngsters in this Nevada town

BY S. LAWRENCE NAVARRE



Eileen Abbott, the 21-year-old teen-age director of Las Vegas, Nevada.

PHOTOS BY WESTERN STUDIO

ONE night in Las Vegas, Nevada, two boys were anxious to reach a theater before the feature picture began. They parked their car in a private driveway near the "Wildcat Lair," a teen-age club.

Later, the owner of the driveway attempted to enter his grounds and found his passage blocked. Angered, he summoned the police and had them attach a ticket to the offending car. In retaliation, the boys pulled two pickets from his fence and threw them on the lawn.

The following morning, Miss Eileen Abbott, teen-age director of Las Vegas, received a call to "come and see what your kids have done." During her meeting with the indignant owner of the fence, he threatened to have "Wildcat Lair" closed. He would charge that drinking took place among the young people there.

Though he said the boys had no reason for destroying his property, Miss Abbott felt there was more to the discussion than was being disclosed. Further investigation uncovered the matter of the parking ticket. Arranging an interview with Police Inspector C. F. Morrison and City Manager Thomas E. Fennessy, she displayed bottles she had secured from the two boys.

"If you want to do something," she challenged, "why don't you get the people who are selling this stuff to kids?"

The inspector granted her idea was a good one, but he would need convicting evidence. The action which brought about an answer to that problem evolved from a visit paid Miss Abbott by a woman concerned over her daughter. This mother related that a deputy sheriff had asserted boys and girls were drinking at the "Wildcat Lair."

Miss Abbott informed the youngsters of what she had been told. It was decided the time for action had come. "If our parents and ministers can't do anything but talk about how terrible it is that the liquor interests are too powerful to fight," said one 15-year-old, "we will show them how to get results."

Three of the boys offered to get evidence against the "spots" where minors could purchase liquor. An interview with the parents of these boys brought about the necessary cooperation. Accompanied by their director, the boys began their campaign by purchasing bottled liquor in thirteen establishments, and were served over the bar in seventeen others. In the latter cases, they secured cash-register receipts. Only once was the question of age raised; even here their orders were filled after they had offered the obvious lie of being 21.

Miss Abbott confronted Mayor E. W. Cragin and other officials with the results of the campaign. The mayor demanded she turn her evidence over to the city council, promising action.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

She refused. "This may cost me my job," she said, "but I don't care. I can go out on the desert, pitch a tent, take the kids with me, and fight this thing to a finish."

She didn't lose her job. Instead, she was given a unanimous vote of confidence by the city council.

Despite her having been opposed by District Attorney Jones, Miss Abbott refused to sanction the action of a group of mothers who intended to circulate a petition for his recall. The statement of his which instigated the petition was the one that if he must take any action, his first prosecution would be of Miss Abbott and the boys for having purchased the liquor.

This incident was followed by two new laws on Nevada's books. One makes it a misdemeanor for a minor to purchase liquor; the second makes it a misdemeanor for anyone to give to a minor money intended for such a purpose.

How far-reaching will be the effects of this crusade, remains to be seen. But come what may, the youngsters have vowed allegiance to the leader in whom they have all confidence—the leader who refused nomination for city councilman and was spared nomination for mayor, only because her sponsors were certain she would refuse to run.

STRANGELY enough, the daringly practical, high-spirited Eileen herself is but 21 years old. Her being hardly more than a teen-ager might cause doubt as to her wisdom and ability. However, it appears her youthfulness contributes an advantage—acceptance by youth as one of its own. The proof of this advantage is shown in the phrase which is something of a password with the 1,200 boys and girls under her leadership. Whether to relate good tidings, or to absolve a difficulty, the first thing these youngsters want to know is, "Where's Eileen?"

It is enough for the members of the "Wildcat Lair" to know that Miss Abbott has, as one admirer 'put it, "horse sense, courage and understanding." But for practical purposes, it might prove more convincing if we were to know something of how this "Joan of Las Vegas" attained her qualifications.

It might be difficult to conceive of such a forceful personality beginning in a home for children. Yet, fourteen years of Miss Abbott's childhood were spent in the Masonic-Eastern Star Home for Children at Fremont, Nebraska. Her background and training are described by Donley Lukens in the *Nevada Magazine* for June:

"The fourteen years Eileen lived in an institution gave her a background that is equivalent of many years experience in youth work. . . the home provided her with plenty of youngsters for



Under the leadership of Miss Abbott, ample facilities are provided Las Vegas teenagers to keep them busy and entertained—doing much to prevent delinquency.



leadership. . . . Party or prank, she was the ringleader.

"At the age of eight she began singing in the choir of the Fremont Congregational Church. This launched her on a career of church-youth leadership that took her through the offices of the various youth organizations in her own church, and then, in her senior year in high school, to the presidency of the Omaha Association of Congregational Young People and the vice-presidency of the Nebraska Pilgrim Fellowship. . . .

High school also gave her additional training in organization and management. She was elected to the student council in her freshman year and became its president in her senior year. . . . The business management of the high-school annual, various posts on the school paper, and the vice-presidency of her graduating class still left her time to be elected 'most representative girl' in her class.

"She started college at the University of Wyoming, where she was elected to

Visual Aids for the CHURCH

• As a special service to readers interested in obtaining suitable visual aids for the church, Sunday school or discussion forum use, we present in this column listings of the available subjects. We do not necessarily approve every detail of every film. Order from your local film library, denominational board or other visual aids dealer in your locality.

REACHING FROM HEAVEN (80 min., sound). A highly dramatic, stimulating picture produced and distributed by the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and Other States. With a skilled cast that includes Regis Toomey, John Qualen and other Hollywood luminaries, the film tells an intensely interesting story, carrying a great lesson: God uses ordinary people to accomplish His purposes in the lives of others. Many who have had difficulty in speaking to others about their church and belief will find their hesitancy dispelled. Available for rental at \$25 after June 30. Address: 3558 S. Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.

ROUND TRIP (20 min., sound). Produced by the Twentieth Century Fund, this film dramatically answers the question: "What does foreign trade mean to me?" Barriers of space and time dissolve as people from various walks of life throughout the world argue their viewpoints. Winfield W. Riefler and Paul G. Hoffman, members of the Fund's Committee on Foreign Economic Relations, challenge them and answer their questions. Unusually fine photography and acting distinguish the dramatic sequences. Price: \$57.50; rental: \$3.50.

THE CHURCH IN THE ATOMIC AGE (20 min., sound). To aid in developing an intelligent public opinion on contemporary life, this film was produced by RKO-Pathé with the cooperation of the Motion Picture Association of America, the United States Army and the Atomic Energy Commission. It is the first picture in a series called "In the Eyes of the Church." The series is comprised of documentary films designed to stimulate interest and discussion of the great social, economic, and religious problems of our time by church and non-church groups. Each picture is accompanied by a discussion leader's manual, containing questions to stimulate discussion by both panel members and the audience. For booking, write to Film Forum Foundation, Jewett House, 127 E. 12th Ave., Spokane, Wash. Rental, \$5.

MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH (22 min., sound). Narrated by Melvyn Douglas and acted by youth and adult citizens of Madison, Wisc., this film is a story of a teenage, inter-organization youth council in action. High quality; authentic in photography and action; should be of great value for any community's effort in behalf of young people. Rental, \$3.50.

JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM (105 min., sound). An inspiring religious drama which tells of the journey of Jesus at the age of 12 to the Temple in Jerusalem. It is a reproduction on film of the complete stage play by Maxwell Anderson. The story is taken from the Gospel of St. Luke. Portrayed are scenes of the Child and His family resting in the hills; Jesus in the temple confounding the priests of the Sanhedrin; pursuit by Herod's men; a discussion between the Boy and His mother, and other events which are dramatized with great intensity. Recommended as a special feature for adult gatherings. Rental, \$25.

IN THE STEPS OF THE GREAT PHYSICIAN (30 min., sound, color). The Department of Visual Aids of the Congregational Christian Churches has just released this new film on medical mission in India. The scenes are laid in the wide valley around Wai, India, and in Dr. Walter F. Hume's Wai Hospital, Marathi, India. Details of the many activities in a modern missionary hospital are shown, and then the film moves outside to show views of the families who accompany the patients to the hospital and live under the shadow of its wide porches. A typical Sunday out-of-doors worship service is portrayed. The film is excellent, and will be of interest to any church group. Rental, \$5.

SCENIC PSALMS (each 40 min., sound, color). One or more from this series of eight worship services, produced by Youth Films, Inc., can now be secured from your nearest Religious Film Library. Each of the eight services has a Prelude, Call to Worship, Hymns for Singing, Responsive Scriptural Reading, Short Sermon, Closing Meditation, Benediction and Postlude. And in each there is an intermission period where a sermon or ritual or communion service may be used. Available at a nominal rental, the names of the eight 40-minute Scenic Psalms in motion picture form are: "Templed Hills," "Desert Symphony," "Trees," "Water of Life," "Lily of the Valley," "Gardens," "Blue Horizons," and "Day Is Done."

THIS ROAD WE WALK (20 min., sound, 16 or 35mm). Produced by Julian Bryan for Church World Service, this documentary film gives the overall story of the pressing needs in forty countries and how they are being met through the united church program of relief and reconstruction in Europe and Asia. Prints in 35mm are available for motion picture theaters, whose management might be willing to allow a percentage of the proceeds to go for relief. The 16mm film can be used as a basis for forum discussion. No rental fee.

JOAN OF LAS VEGAS

(Continued from previous page)

the student council and made staff member of the newspaper before transferring to the University of Nevada.

"As soon as she arrived in Reno, she became interested in "Husky-Haven," the Reno teen-age club. It took so much of her time that her extra-curricular activities on the campus were limited to representing her dormitory in the Manzanita Association, a place on the staff of the *Sage Brush*, membership in "Tri-Delta," and singing in the choir."

From this extensive experience and training, Miss Abbott has developed definite, clear-cut opinions as to what is good for youth. Noticeably, she thinks not in material terms alone, but propagates the importance of recognizing each child as an individual with a distinct personality and character. Further, she would have all adults realize children are not mere robots, but human beings with vital spiritual, physical and emotional problems.

Parents, Miss Abbott declares, are too much in the habit of giving insufficient regard to the ideas and problems of youngsters. They blind themselves to the seriousness of teen-age years—the years in which the character of the man or woman is being determined in the boy or girl.

She is quoted in the *Nevada Magazine* as saying, "This attitude is frequently responsible for a feeling of inadequacy in the youngsters that can, and often does lead to serious maladjustment."

"Parents are constantly coming to me with the complaint that their children will not stay at home. They give them everything money can buy to make their home attractive, but the kids still insist upon going out every night."

"That is just the trouble. They give them everything money can buy . . . But money will not buy recognition of kids' individuality, respect for their opinions, appreciation of the seriousness of their problems, nor respect for their privacy, and these are the things that will make the most humble home attractive to any youngster, just as they are the things that make a successful teen-age club."

If the "Wildcat Lair" and its young director are a fair example of what teenage organizations can do in the moulding of conscientious citizens, then any lack of cooperation from parents and social leaders, is just short of being a crime.

Our young men and women have proven they have the necessary qualities to accomplish their visional (not visionary) aims. Possessing ambition, integral strength, intelligence, and the dream of a better world for all peoples, we can be certain they will not fail in their task—though it be a prodigious one.

THE END

CHRISTIAN HERALD



THE MIRACLE OF "The Messiah"

By DORON K. ANTRIM

ONE night in 1741 a bent old hulk of a man slunk down a dark London street, moving with a listless shuffle. George Frederick Handel was starting out on one of the aimless, despondent wanderings which had become a nightly ritual. His mind was a battleground between hope, based on his past glories, and despair for the future. For forty years Handel had written stately music for the aristocracy of England and the Continent. Kings and queens had showered him with honors. Then court society turned against him; jealous rivals put rowdies to breaking up the performances of his operas. Handel was reduced to penury.

Four years before, a cerebral hemorrhage had paralyzed his right side. He couldn't walk, move his right hand, or write a note. Doctors held out little hope for his recovery.

But a miracle had happened. Handel went to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the

healing baths. The doctors warned that staying in the scalding waters longer than three hours at a time might kill him. He stayed in nine hours. Slowly strength crept back into his inert muscles. He could walk, move his hand. He felt as good as new.

Entering the cathedral, he had paused to give thanks for his recovery. He sat down before the organ. Would his fingers wake it to life as they had so many times before? The answer came in the glorious improvisations which echoed through the cathedral.

In an orgy of creativeness, Handel wrote four operas in quick succession. Honors were again heaped upon him. He had never felt better in his life, never done more work.

Then Queen Caroline, a staunch patroness, had died; her largess was withdrawn. The Spanish wars usurped the attention of the people. Besides, a frigid winter gripped England. There

was no way of heating the theaters, so engagements were canceled. And Handel sank deeper in debt, he lost his creative spark. Nearing 60, he felt old and hopelessly tired.

The facade of a church loomed dimly in the dark and he paused before it, bitter thoughts welling up in him. "Why did God permit my resurrection only to allow my fellowmen to bury me again? Why did He vouchsafe a renewal of my life if I may no longer be permitted to create?" And then that cry from the depths: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The stairs creaked loudly in the late hours as the musician labored slowly up them to his shabby lodgings. Entering, he saw a bulky package on his desk. Testily he broke the seal and clawed off the wrappings. So, a libretto: "A Sacred Oratorio."

Handel grunted. From that second—
(Continued on next page)

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rate, pampered poet, Charles Jennens. There was also a letter. Jennens expressed the wish that Handel start work immediately on the oratorio, adding: "The Lord gave the Word."

Handel grunted again. Did Jennens have the effrontery to think he was inspired by God? Handel was not a pious man. He had a violent temper, was domineering, made enemies right and left. On the other hand, he was always helping unfortunates, even when he could ill afford it.

Listlessly Handel leafed through the oratorio and a passage caught his eye: "He was despised and rejected of men. He looked for someone to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him."

With a growing sense of kinship, Handel leafed on. "He trusted in God. . . . God did not leave his soul in Hell. He will give you rest."

The words began to come alive, to glow with meaning. "Wonderful Counselor" . . . "I know that my Redeemer liveth . . . Rejoice . . . Hallelujah!"

Handel jerked up with a start. These were living words. He could feel the old fire rekindling. In his mind wondrous melodies began tumbling over one another. Grabbing a pen, he started writing. With incredible swiftness the notes filled page after page.

Next morning his man-servant found Handel bent over his desk. Putting the breakfast tray within easy reach, he slipped quietly out. At noon, when he returned, the tray had not been touched.

Followed an anxious time for the faithful old servant. The master would not eat. He'd take a piece of bread, crush it and let it fall to the floor—writing, writing all the while, jumping up and running to the harpsichord. At times he would stride up and down, flailing the air with his arms, singing at the top of his lungs: "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" the tears running down his cheeks.

"I've never seen him act like this before," confided the servant to a friend. "He just stares at me and doesn't see me. He said the gates of Heaven opened wide for him and the great God Himself was there. I'm afraid he's going mad."

For twenty-four days Handel labored like a fiend, with little rest or food. Then he fell on his bed exhausted. On his desk lay the score of "The Messiah"—the greatest oratorio ever written.

Handel slept as though in a coma for seventeen hours. His servant, thinking he was dying, sent for the doctor. Handel laughed heartily and joked with the doctor. "If you've come for a friendly visit, I like it," he said. "But I won't have any of your poking over my carcass. There's nothing the matter with me."

Since London would have none of him, Handel took "The Messiah" to

Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant had sent him a cordial invitation to come there. He would not accept a shilling for this work; the proceeds of its performance must go to charity. It was a miracle that had lifted him from deepest despondency; now let it be the hope of the world.

In Dublin he merged two choirs and rehearsed the work. Excitement mounted as the date of the first performance neared; people even paid to come to rehearsal. All the tickets were quickly sold, and, to make more room, ladies were requested to come without hoops, gentlemen without swords.

On April 13, 1742, crowds waited at the doors hours before the opening. The response of that first audience was tumultuous. At the Hallelujah Chorus, the crowd surged to its feet and remained standing until the conclusion—a practice that has persisted to this day. "The Messiah" eventually captured England, and while Handel lived he presented it yearly, the proceeds going to the foundling hospital. In his will he gave the royalties from this work to the same charity.

Handel later was beset with many

★ *Formula*

*Less time spent in fretting,
More to kneel and pray,
Makes a perfect setting
For a happy day!*

—Inez Clark Thorson



difficulties, but he never again succumbed to despair. Age sapped his great vitality. His right arm became partially paralyzed, and then he went blind. But his undaunted spirit remained to the last.

On the evening of April 6, 1759—Handel was 74—he was present at a performance of "The Messiah." At the beginning of "The trumpets shall sound," he felt faint and nearly fell. Those nearby steadied him. Friends helped him home and to bed. A few days later he said: "I should like to die on Good Friday." That happened to be April 13, the anniversary of that first presentation of "The Messiah" in Dublin.

True to his wish, the soul of George Frederick Handel departed his body on Good Friday. But his spirit goes marching on in "The Messiah," the triumph of hope over despair. Its performance in London's Albert Hall on Good Friday is today a traditional part of the celebration of Easter.

In "The Messiah," Handel lit a torch that has been carried around the world to light the dark places of the earth as long as there are voices to lift in song, eyes to look to the hills, hearts to hope.

THE END

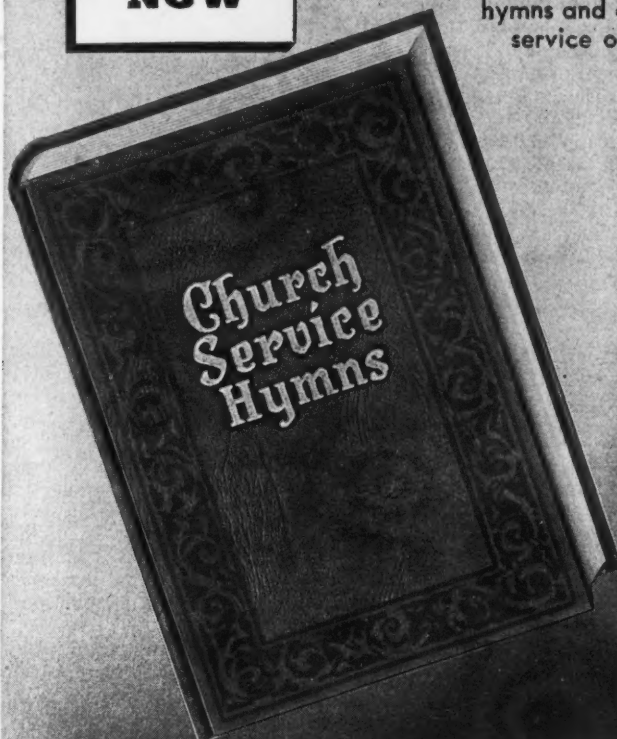
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Another Thanksgiving

In the calendar of the soul, Easter can and should be the signal for our deepest gratitude

By MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

ILLUSTRATOR: ISABEL DAWSON

I KNOW this is not the conventional season for celebrating Thanksgiving. But in the calendar of the soul, Easter can easily be the signal for our deepest gratitude. Perhaps this spiritual Thanksgiving may be kept in secret so that the outer world cannot touch and taint it with the bland commercialism which tarnishes our other holidays.

Only what is celebrated in one's private heart is quite safe from irrelevant bunnies and eggs, pumpkins and turkeys, Santa Clauses and reindeers which have diverted and externalized the world-known holidays.

Easter says to us as much as we are capable of hearing. New layers of meaning are almost inexhaustible for reverent exploring. At whatever level of understanding we receive the message, Easter speaks of immortality. Even if we see no deeper than the season itself, we find silent illustration of the wonder that overwhelms us when all that was seemingly inert and dead, trees and grass and frozen streams, begins to stir again for new growing. But the enlightened worshiper hears Easter say that God holds the world safe in His hand. He gave life, and nothing can take it away. The world's hatred of good which crucified His Son only uncovered the sublime reassurance that Love is greater than hatred, and that good is immortal and indestructible.

In my private Easter-Thanksgiving this year I find I am most grateful for the fact that God's messages come to us continuously, if we will but hear them. God's news is everywhere, if we are still-hearted enough to read it. It is written in every life, and spoken in every event. When we need it badly enough, we become humble enough to hear it.

Right now, because the world is so distraught with its own disillusion, the Word is being spoken in most unlikely places—in novels, in "smart" magazines, by statesmen, by scientists.

A while ago in *The New Yorker*, that most urbane weekly, was the story of the woman who plays the organ in New York's Grand Central Station. In the midst of playing Bach one day, she felt impelled to play a certain hymn. She obeyed the summons and played it twice over. Two years later she learned that a man was walking through the station on his way to ending his life. Suddenly he heard his mother's favorite hymn coming from the organ. He had an instant awakening, then, and instead of destroying his life he gave it into God's care. He is now running a mission in a western city.

Another sophisticated magazine lately had an account of Dr. Harry Tiebout, lecturer at Yale's School for Alcohol Studies, who attributes greatest success in the cure of alcoholism to "surrender to a Higher Power." Dr. Tiebout is quoted as saying, "When the individual surrenders his ego, God automatically steps in." John Flavel, back in the seventeenth century, said the same thing in another way: "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Man's extremity is certainly laid bare all around us today. So it is no wonder that the opportunities of turning to God for help should be blazoned in italics everywhere we look.

When we have honestly asked for direction, it is given to us. Sometimes even strangers say to us the very words we need to wake us up. Some of the pivotal wisdom which has come to me in a crisis, turning my life from shadow and confusion into the clear open area of intelligent effort, was spoken to me by some stranger who had no notion that such a thing was happening. I'm sure you too have found this true.

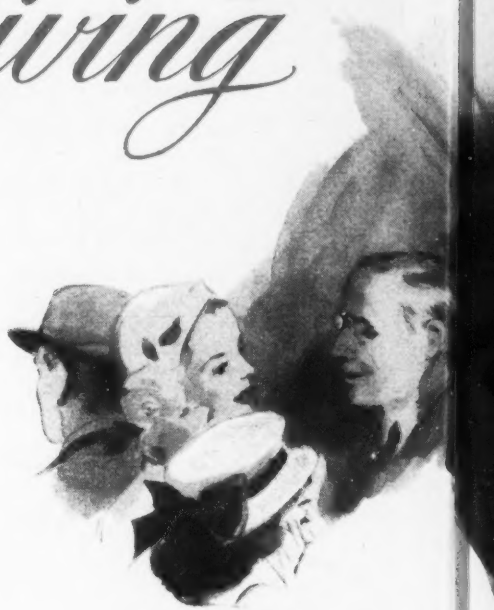
I remember once, many years ago, when I was burdened by responsibility which didn't belong to me. I was allowing my own life to be paralyzed into uselessness, for the moment, because I saw so clearly what I thought

someone *else* should be doing. For many months I made everyone around me miserable, because I was constantly suggesting and stage-managing this person's actions to conform to what I thought was right behavior. And she, of course, being operated from without like a puppet, was constantly failing and breaking down. She was doing much worse with my help than she finally did without it, because my help was critical and crippling. (In the frankest analysis, such help is harmful because it is egotistical in assuming that a bystander can run another person's life.)

At any rate, it had become a tedious situation for all of us. I had prayed many times for more patience, for more wisdom and more skill. I had prayed, in other words, in an entirely self-righteous way. But I never had asked for the humbleness of allowing God to manage His child, without any bungling assistance from me.

ONE Sunday morning, however, I felt I had reached the end of my trying. Then the real prayer came, without any words at all. It was simply a terrific, tired abandoning of the whole situation, and a sincere asking of God to show me what I ought to do.

We all went to church, and I listened throughout the sermon for some-




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*"The best way to help others
is to let them help themselves,"
the girl said, quite earnestly.*

thing that would be my private message. It was an excellent sermon and my mind applauded and approved. But there seemed nothing in it which was my answer. During the service a sudden rainstorm came up. No one had umbrellas, so our family, with many others, stood in the vestibule of the church waiting for the shower to be over.

Next to me were two small children and their grandmother. The elder child was a little girl, a conscientious-looking

Isabel Dawson



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"I tremble to think what would have happened to us if it had not been for your constant help and comforting friendship. It kept us from going under.

"For the sake of my little child, I am asking the Lord to give us patience and to help us through. Our strength is nearly all gone."

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Our quarterly bulletin, **ISRAEL MY GLORY**, sent to all contributors and also on request

child, thin and busy. Her small brother was a jolly individual, enjoying himself friskily. But everything he wanted to do was hampered and thwarted by the child who was gluttonously appropriating the superiority of being a "big sister." I watched them with amusement, never seeing the parable for myself in the small comedy.

Then the grandmother leaned over and spoke to the little girl. "You remember what you're learning, Catherine?" she said.

The child stopped nagging the little brother, without resentment or chagrin. She smiled up at her grandmother quite happily, and began minding her own business.

I could not help asking an explanation. "What is she learning? I'd love to know."

The grandmother said, "Perhaps you'd like to tell the lady yourself, dear."

The child looked at me with that most lovable of all attitudes, the selflessness of an honest effort to overcome a fault.

"I'm learning that the best way to help others is to let them help themselves," she said quite earnestly.

Their car came; they scampered out and waved to me as they were driven away. I'm sure they never again thought of that casual episode in the church vestibule. But for me it marked a great turning-point in my life. From that moment I began being a different person. I had accepted a great and true idea whole-heartedly and humbly, and that idea began re-moulding my attitude toward other people—and their attitude toward me.

The greatest miracle on earth is the transformation which comes inevitably when a fine idea is accepted. Plato said, "What thou seest, that thou beest." It is not possible for us to discern generosity or tolerance or any other spiritual beauty in another without taking on for ourselves some wider dimension of generosity or tolerance.

Perhaps the answer to prayer comes about through our own change from within us. God puts before our eyes the wherewithal from which we can make a transformation in ourselves, if we desire. In other words, God changes us, and our new vision then changes the circumstances.

I remember another remarkable instance of how this wonder works. This time I played the other part in the drama; I was the unknowing "angel" sent to someone else. This happened in my student days when I was living for a while in a club in London. One bright fall morning just as I was leaving the club, a cablegram was delivered to me. A young English woman whom I scarcely knew happened to be in the lounge at that moment, and saw me open the cable.

She said, "Please pardon me, but I

cannot help seeing how much happiness that cable has brought to you."

"Oh, yes," I cried, "it's from my family in America. They know I'm starting some new studies this morning and they . . . well, here, perhaps you'd like to read it yourself."

She hesitated a moment and then took the cable and read the affectionate message my brother had sent across the ocean. It said something like this: "We are all with you this morning. Your happiness makes us rich."

The English girl was puzzled. "I don't quite understand."

"They mean that anything good that happens to one of us happens to all of us," I said.

"Do you actually mean that?" the stranger asked dubiously.

"Why, of course. They're my family," I said simply, as if there could be no other kind of family on earth except one that was rich in each other, as mine has always been.

I remember that she thanked me rather stiffly and went on her way. I probably would have forgotten the whole episode, except that more than a year later, when I had come once more to London, I met that stranger again in the club lounge.

"I must speak to you again," she said impulsively. "I must tell you what you did for me that day."

"I?"

"You remember. The cablegram. From your family."

"Oh, yes."

"Well . . . that cablegram has transformed my family during this last eighteen months."

"I don't understand."

"We've never been very happy together, my parents and my brothers and I. There was always a kind of rivalry among us, and much jealousy."

I found myself a bit embarrassed, because it is such an unusual thing for a Briton to talk about personal troubles. But she was far from embarrassed, for she had forgotten herself in thinking of an idea.

"What that cable of yours said—about all of you being rich in each other's happiness. I thought and thought about that. I got a completely new idea about what a family might be. I can't explain how it happened that just one of us thinking differently about the family actually seemed to change the whole situation. But it did."

I knew then that although the cable had been addressed to me, it was really an angel in disguise sent to the family who happened to be ready to receive it. Human methods of communication had been used in an ordinary, everyday fashion. But actually a divine message had been transmitted. And so it often is.

Angels are not flaming-winged creatures whose presence would startle and alarm. Angels may be all sorts of things

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—a fragment of conversation overheard on a trolley, a headline in someone else's newspaper, a child's song. Angels are whatever is at hand when we happen to need the message.

Whatever form they take, they come when we are humble enough to receive them. Someone has sent me a verse written by Violet Hay, which sums up my private reason for Thanksgiving this Easter time:

"Oh, longing hearts that wait on God
Through all the world so wide;
He knows the angels that you need,
And sends them to your side
To comfort, guard and guide."

Florida Will Always Be There

(Continued from page 19)

stuck in the snow or mud. Or slide off into a ditch on a back road, and no one coming along to pull you out. Winters he fought sleet and snow, and in the spring he fought mud, while the fellows in the office had a nice warm job behind the counter selling stamps and money orders.

Pa didn't complain. But now he had this trouble with his heart that worried Ma and made him a little scared too, so that he was glad to quit as soon as possible. He could stay on a few more years, maybe, but now he was willing to retire and take it easy in the winter and not shovel snow and lie on the ice under the car changing tires or mending broken chains. Anyway you looked at it, New England winters took it out of you—man, car and beast!

He came up now and sat down on the steps. He was hot and perspiring. His bald head gleamed like a ripe tomato.

"Pa, you didn't wear your old straw hat!" Ma said sharply. "You know what a burn you get in the sun! You won't sleep all night!"

"Gotta get used to it," he said, grinning. "Since we're goin' to be in Floridy sun all winter."

"Well, you ain't goin' to be foolish at your age and go 'round with no protection, Florida or Vermont! You won't be no bathing beauty! You got to keep covered up! . . . You heard from Washington yet?" She picked up the gray sock and started to click the needles industriously. Somebody could use these socks, and knitting made nice pick-up work.

"No, but I can prove it all right, anyway. Three of the boys in the office will sign affidavits that I worked then, and I still have people on my route that lived there then and they'll do the same thing!"

"It'd be too bad if we lost that pink house down there," Ma said worriedly. "The real estate man says it's got a cactus garden in back, and roses. Maybe you *do* have to plant roses every year down there because of the sand, but I bet you don't have to plant cactuses but

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once!" She was silent a moment, then said: "I wish we'd hear from Washington. I'll feel a lot better when this thing is settled."

MA leaned over the new wardrobe trunk in the upstairs hall. In the bottom were her afghan and her quilts.

"I don't aim to sleep cold in Florida," she said to Stella Burroughs. "They say when it gets cold down there, it gets cold. They can't heat those flimsy houses. Just jerry-built, and I bet the wind goes right through! . . . Yes, Stella, you can have the cat. Her name's Chessy because she grins like that Cheshire cat in the story. If you call her by name, she'll always come. Prob'ly I better give her to you out-right, for likely she won't own me when I come back in the spring! Cats are a dime a dozen round here."

Stella rocked primly in the old Boston rocker with the red arms that Ma kept in the upstairs hall because she said it was "too old and unsteady to use regular." It had belonged to Great-Aunt Kate and it was weak in the legs. Stella lived next door. She was small and thin and precise, but she was a good neighbor. Ma folded some sheets and laid them on top of the quilts in the trunk. The sheet drawer was in the bottom of the old empire bureau in the hall and had once held the children's toys.

"Never thought I'd come to own a decent trunk," Ma said from the hollow depths. "Always gave good luggage to the girls when they went to college or got married, and always had to borrow back from them if I wanted to go away!"

She came out of the interior of the trunk. "And you can have the gold fish, too, bowl and all. It belongs to Emma, but land knows she can't carry it around with her all over the country, with that foot-loose husband of hers! Bet they've lived in every state of the union since they got married!"

"Well," Stella said primly, "I s'pose I can take the gold fish too! You got just one left now?"

"Only one. The other jumped out and we found him pressed like a bookmark between Whittier and Robert Burns in the book case! This one's named Goldie. I named him for that teacher Emma never liked. Always flirted and acted up fresh-like, she said!"

"Don't know's a fish and a cat's a good combination," Stella said thoughtfully.

"Land sakes, Chessy's so used to that gold fish she'd be lonesome without him! She won't even know she's moved, with Goldie around. Put a wire cake-cooler over the top of the bowl, if you're worried. I promised Martha Ames the canary."

She emerged again from the confusing mass of hangers and rods and straightened up painfully. "Guess I'll

never get used to hanging my clothes on these racks. Can't never figure 'em out. Guess I'll just lay everything in like I used to in the old tin trunk and the valises Pa and I always carried. You know, when you travel by car, you can carry your clothes in most anything!"

"What about all your canned stuff down cellar?" Stella asked carefully.

Well now, Ma thought, if she thinks I'm going to give her all my mince-meat and jelly and pears and grape juice, she's got another thought coming!

Aloud, she said: "You know, Stella, that oil furnace we put in last year will be a god-send to us now. We aim to turn it down to about fifty and leave it going all winter. The man will keep the tank filled from outside, and the plaster won't fall off the walls or the piano be ruined. Emma'd scalp me if anything happened to her piano! Won't anything freeze down cellar, neither, canned stuff nor water pipes."

"Well," Stella said in a disappointed tone, "I s'pose that's so!"

THE days went along in the soft autumn weather as they had always gone, day after lovely peaceful day. Early mornings were foggy and cool and Ma had a fire in the kitchen stove. She still clung stubbornly to the woodpile in the shed, although Pa said they could just as well put an oil burner in the kitchen. But Ma said no; it was enough to have that electric stove in the kitchen, although it was a big help when you were in a hurry. She wished she had had it years ago when the house was full of hired men and children to be fed and she had a hot wood fire, summer and winter! But maybe the Lord meant it that way, to have things easier when you got older.

These autumn days sort of made her homesick. Vermont was especially nice this time of year. All the way along now, until snow came, she would love every single day. She caught Pa out behind the shed, just sitting on the sawing machine and looking at the hills across the river, purple and blue and rosy. After all, you put down roots after you had lived more than thirty years in one spot! But the last few years she had dreamed of going to Florida in the winter and heating up her neuritis in the hot sun and letting Pa have the rest he had earned by long and faithful service, and which he needed now.

Each day when Pa drove into the yard with the mail in the car, she stood by the kitchen door to see if he had a letter from Washington.

"I guess, from all the data you sent 'em, they can't help but know you're tellin' the truth!" she said one day. "And you got plenty of people to swear to it around here."

She wrote the real estate man that they would probably take the little pink house, and she asked him to hold it for

her just one more week. A pink house beside the sea! She could walk out and lie in the sand. Of course, Pa would have to sit under a palm tree—or maybe it would be grapefruit—but the sun never bothered her and maybe she could cook that nagging pain in her arm away.

Yes, it would be heaven this winter, not to worry about Pa all day when one of those north-easters swept down from the North Atlantic and he was out in it from dawn to dark! And she had always wanted a real cactus garden, not those in little painted animals hung in the window. And roses! Pa was crazy about roses, especially yellow roses. She hoped there would be yellow roses behind that house in Florida.

She dreamed about the house at night and how they would buy oranges cheap as dirt, or maybe pick them from their own trees. People said that the green-packed stuff you bought up north was as different from tree-ripened fruit as suckers in the river from the strange pink fish down there.

One day Pa didn't give her all the mail. She saw him put a letter in his pocket before he came into the house. She knew right off that it was bad news and that he didn't want to tell her. Her knees felt sort of weak and her heart pounded as loud as the engine in their old car. But she would not let on that she had seen him slide the letter into his pocket. *But if Washington would not verify those five months, it would be another year before they could get to Florida!* She worked silently about the house all day, putting fiercely into the new trunk all the things which they might need in Florida.

That night she watched Pa as he poured out his third cup of tea. Tea was Pa's failing. As for Ma, give her coffee every time! But they gave in to each other as you have to do in married life, and they both had coffee in the morning and tea at night.

Finally Ma could stand the suspense no longer. "Well!" she said. "What about that letter?" Then she waited. Pa pulled the letter slowly from his pocket.

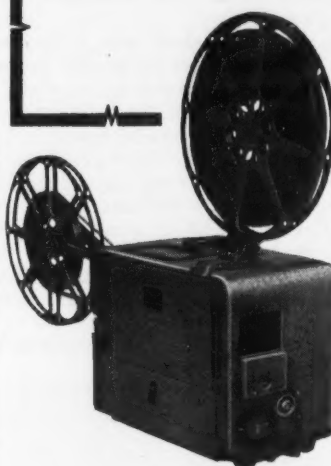
Ma spread the letter out on the table and read it slowly. Pa stirred his tea noisily, just as though he were clearing his throat in embarrassment. He didn't look up. Ma read through to the end. The letter said that while Washington had no records to the effect that Pa had ever worked for Lime Eddy, since all checks had been made out to Lime, it would, however, verify it if three men in the post office would swear to it before a notary public.

"Well," Ma said triumphantly. "Postmaster's a notary himself!"

"Go on reading," Pa said, drinking his tea noisily. Ma read on. It said that it would be necessary, however, to remove the aforesaid five months' credit from

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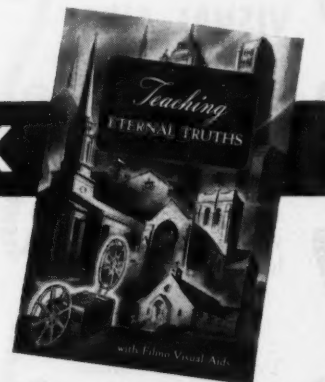
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the pension money now being paid to Lime Eddy who was still a patient in a sanatorium. The money could not be accredited to both parties.

"Well!" Ma repeated, in an I-told-you-so tone.

• • •

Ma went to the laundry the next day to get Pa's clean shirts. He said she couldn't do them up like they did at the laundry, and Ma said it was all right with her; she had ironing enough without them. As the clerk hunted through the mountain of brown-paper packages in the corner, Ma looked through the half-open door into the back room where the big mangles were turning noisily. She saw a tired woman, thin and worn as though the wind would blow right through her like a lace curtain. Her back was bent as though from too many hours over wash-tubs and dish-pans.

Ma knew the clerk who waited on her. She had known her mother before her. "Who's the new help out there?" she asked as she took the package.

"Her? Oh, that's Lime Eddy's wife. Only came in today. Done cleaning for years, but says she's got a grandchild to support now, with her man still in the sanatorium and likely won't never get out. Her daughter's working in the chicken plant—war widow. Bone-tired, this one is. . . . Your package is ninety-two cents."

Ma jumped. She had forgotten to pay for the shirts.

• • •

Ma did not sleep well that night. She said it was because she was so wrought-up, trying to decide what to take to Florida. Pa said it was her neuritis; said he must have run plumb up against her arm in the night.

In the morning she stood looking out at the fog lifting from the hills across the river. It was soft and fleecy, like a baby's blanket. It was always like this, mornings in the fall. She would putter around in the garden today, pick some flower seeds to save for next year. There wasn't much to do nowadays. Life was soft and easy after the hard young years. *Lime Eddy's wife was ironing Pa's shirts, most likely. She was that hard up!*

Pa came in from the barn where their one cow lived. He set the pail of warm, foamy milk on the kitchen table. Ma strained it in stubborn silence. *If they didn't take that pink house on the beach right now, they would lose it!* And heaven only knew what another winter would do to Pa's heart!

"Reckon I'll get Bill Moses to sign me a statement that I worked those five months," Pa said as he stirred thick yellow Guernsey cream into his oatmeal. "He's a good guy. Always ribbing me about my easy job. But he'll do me a good turn. All the boys in the office want my job, anyway. Be glad to see me get through. There's Joe, and old

Matt Ellis too. He's going to retire this winter."

Ma dumped sugar into her coffee. She never used much sugar and Pa looked up in surprise.

"Pa," she said fiercely. "Seems like we hadn't ought to leave the cow alone here all winter with only Stella's husband to milk her night and morning. She could hang herself in the stanchion and nobody know it!"

"That's so!" Pa said. "I never thought of that."

"Pa, I doubt if we're made of such perishable stuff that one more winter would kill us, either one. If you let that substitute work when it's real bad days, we could pull through."

"That's right," Pa answered, "right as rain!"

"**P**A." Ma set her elbows on the table and glared at him. "Did you ever stop to think that if we get that money—Lime loses it? Maybe—maybe he needs that money! Maybe—maybe his wife has to work or something! We oughta be ashamed!"

"I been feelin' that way a good spell lately," Pa said. "Lime's pretty bad. But that man won't hold that house down in Florida forever."

"You think I could enjoy Florida with Lime Eddy on my conscience? I reckon that Florida will be waiting for us until we get there!"

She came around the table and kissed Pa's bald spot. "You should have tended to that credit business years ago! I reckon it's too late now."

She went into the other room and picked up the grey sock and brought it to the table and began to knit rapidly. In all the years she had been married, she had never sat down to knit until the work was done. But Pa would be needing these socks before you knew it—now!

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUIZ

(See page 18)

1. Job (6:6).
2. The angel of the Lord about Jael (Judges 5:25).
3. Job (7:6).
4. David (Psa. 39:3).
5. David—of a friend whom he trusted (Psa. 55:21).
6. Solomon (Eccl. 9:4).
7. Isaiah (28:15).
8. Isaiah (56:10).
9. Jeremiah (6:14).
10. Isaiah (8:19).
11. Jacob (Gen. 49:4).
12. Solomon (Prov. 9:17).
13. Solomon (Eccl. 12:11).
14. Jesus (Matt. 16:3).
15. Jesus (Matt. 24:6).
16. Jesus (Luke 3:14).
17. Pilate (John 18:38).
18. Paul (I Cor. 14:34).
19. Peter (Acts 1:20).
20. Paul (Acts 26:26).

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Edited by Isabel Cornell
ILLUSTRATED BY TONI WALKER

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EVERY ladies aid which has any organization at all has an annual report to render. It is a necessary part—we almost used the word “evil”—of any well-groomed program. But when the week for it rolls around, it is surprising how many members (at least, those not holding office and therefore without a report to render) manage to absent themselves from that meeting. Why? Because as a rule the report rendering is so deadlly dull.

Yet it need not be! It can be made one of the most exciting meetings of the year. See, for example, how the ladies of the Union Church of Pocantino Hills, N. Y., do it:

When this church's bulletin an-

nounces that the next meeting of the women's group will feature the reading of the annual report of all the work committees, every woman in the congregation sets that date as one to keep. There is never any telling just how that report will be given. Certainly there will be no dull prosaic reading of figures when the pastor's wife, Mrs. Lester Bent, is in charge.

One year the ladies dramatized the report in an over-the-back-fence style. They set up a fence, clothes pole and line. While gossiping over the fence, they hung out a “wash” of placards telling the year's activities. Although the “wash” wasn't wet, it still wasn't as dry as the usual statistical reports.

This year the announcement cards mailed to the members pictured an old-fashioned ladies-aider with floor-sweeping skirt, apron, cap and a forbidding expression, clutching her sewing bag. At the report meeting, it seemed as though the original model for the drawing stalked out on the stage to set a placard in an easel stand proclaiming, “LADIES AID REVUE—QUIET PLEASE.” The pianist struck a chord and the curtain rose. Eight slacks-clad young ladies sat on high stools at the rear of the stage, backs to the audience. They faced a backdrop showing a teller's booth with a tightly shut window. Beneath was a sign: “Closed until further notice, order of Mrs. Hayne, Treas.”

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The chorus broke into song to the tune of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?":

*Who are we, do we hear you say?
Hear you say? Hear you say?
Who are we, do we hear you say?
Wait and you will see!*

Then with mincing steps and swinging their sewing bags decorously, they came down stage to sing:

*We are all of the ladies aid,
Ladies tall and short and staid.
We never shirk; we always work.*

They wiggled back to the rear and sat down on the stools, facing the audience this time. Then Miss Ladies Aid herself came out to insert a card lettered "Membership, Mrs. Bent" in the rack. There was no rest for that chorus; down they came again to sing:

First we check through the members all

*And on them, always call.
With a hello, hello, hello,
Won't you join our throng?*

Two ladies of the membership committee came on stage, arguing who was

to call on a particular person—each wanting to do so. They continued arguing for a few minutes, reached an agreement and walked off. Two more came on, each wanting the other to call on the member, each excusing herself by saying she wasn't wearing her good coat, her hair needed a new permanent, shoes needed soling, and so on. When they went off, two more came on and began enumerating the various activities of the committee for the year. Just as they finished, the first four returned, each with a new prospective member.

THE chorus next introduced the kitchen and dining-room committees who came on stage carrying folding chairs and sat down to plan a dinner for men's night. With much friendly bickering, comments on mishaps at previous dinners, questions from those obviously ignorant of large quantity cookery, the menu, decorations and service for an impossibly ideal dinner were finally planned. (Anyone who has been on these committees can furnish

material for the script; it must be full of local allusions and quips.)

One of the new members remarked, "If it takes all this fuss just to plan a simple meal for our husbands for whom we cook every day, I don't see how you manage to put on a dinner more than once a year." In surprise, the other ladies replied, "Why, it's no trouble at all!" At the curtain, the chairman briefly reported on the number of dinners given, people served and profits made.

The curtain next rose on a tableau of the sewing committee engaged in a quilting bee. Silence reigned for one long minute, then everyone broke out into chatter. Now and then a few words would be audible above the hubbub: "Of course it was for her own good that I told her"; "She didn't actually say so, but I could tell"; "He was lying there in a pool of blood"; "And then I looked behind the radiator, and what do you suppose was there?"

The chairman rapped for silence.
(Continued on page 45)

• THE IDEA DEPARTMENT: SUNDAY SCHOOL PARTIES •

SPRING is a wonderful season for entertaining a Sunday-school class. It's warm enough to eat outdoors, but nippy enough to encourage brisk games, and a fire for atmosphere.

How about a *Finger Picnic* for the younger teen-age girls' class—no utensils allowed. Of course they won't have trouble eating hamburgers in buns with pickle relish, but they will have fun scooping up vegetable salad with potato chips. Serve some kind of canned fruit with one toothpick to serve as a spoon, cocoa with a marshmallow tied on a string for stirring, cookies or cup cakes.

Start games with a *Sucker Relay Race*. Line up the girls in two or three teams, provide each girl with a drinking straw. The head of the team holds a fish cut out of cellophane, about three inches long. At a signal she sucks at the fish through her straw and passes it to the one behind her who catches it by sucking on her straw. If the fish should drop to the ground, it must be sucked up by the dropper. The last one in line runs with the fish on her straw back to the captain.

Snatch the Handkerchief is always popular. Players form in two lines facing each other, about fifteen feet apart, and number off starting at opposite ends. A handkerchief is placed on the ground between the lines. When the leader calls out a number, that player from each team runs out and tries to snatch the handkerchief and get back to her own place in line without being tagged. A safe return with the prize gives her team two points. Being tagged before getting back gives the

tagger's team one point. Tagging your opponent when she does not have the handkerchief gives her team one point.

For a sitting-down game, do a trick guessing game, called *Legs and No Legs*. There must be two "in the know," one of them is "it" and leaves the room. The rest of the group select an object and call back the one who is "it." Her partner points to various objects until "it" says that is the chosen one. Of course, she is right. The secret? If the chosen object has legs, for instance, her partner will point the first time to an object with legs, then point only to objects without legs until she comes to the chosen object.

A *Hobo Picnic* in someone's backyard fills the bill for a boys' class. Send the fellows to the back door when they

come—tramps never go in the front! Hand out a bandanna and a pie pan with a cold stuffed tomato (celery, nuts, mayonnaise). Provide a table in hobo style—spread packing boxes with newspapers and provide logs to sit on. If possible, have an outdoor fire for cooking the frankfurters or hamburgers. Pass celery and raw carrots in a paper bag, pickles in their jar. Give each one milk in a tin can, or serve pop in the bottle. A piece of cake or pie dished up on the pie pan completes the generous hand-out.

Prepare a *Bean Bag Board* in advance, by nailing tin cans to a board set at a 45-degree angle. Mark point value under each can for scoring. Set it about ten feet away from a line and provide
(Continued on next page)

Large Quantity Food File

Menu and recipe for a Spaghetti Supper:
Raw Relish Centerpiece
Mixed Green Salad with French Dressing
Layer Cake

Italian Spaghetti
Hard Rolls
Melba Toast
Coffee

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

½ cup (4 oz.) fat, oil or drippings
2 cups (1 lb.) chopped raw onion
2 cups (10 oz.) diced green pepper
3 quarts (6 lbs.) ground beef
½ cup Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup salt

4½ quarts canned tomatoes,
(1 #10 can and 2 #2½ cans)
4½ pounds long spaghetti
2 tablespoons salt
6 quarts boiling water
1 cup (4 oz.) grated Parmesan
cheese

Melt fat. Add onions and green pepper. Cook until light brown, about 10 minutes; add meat, cook 15 minutes longer. Add Worcestershire, salt and tomatoes; simmer 15 minutes longer. In the meantime, add 2 tablespoons salt to actively boiling water; add spaghetti gradually, cook until tender, about 12 minutes. Drain and rinse. Mix meat sauce and spaghetti. Pour into 2 greased baking pans, 11 x 16 x 3 inches. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about 15 minutes. Makes 48 servings, ¾ cup per serving. Courtesy Wheat Flour Institute.



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four or six small bean bags for tossing. While some are playing this game, start an individual stunt going called *Tying the Knot*. See who can sit on a large jug turned endwise, with legs outstretched, knees straight, resting the heel of one foot on the upturned toes of the other. In this position he must tie a knot in a handkerchief. No bending at the knees is allowed. Another test of skill is called *Piercing the Hoop*. Suspend a barrel hoop from the branch of a tree. Players stand twenty feet away and try to throw a small fishing rod or light ten-foot rod javelin-like through the hoop in three tries. If the boys get too good at the game, increase the distance to twenty-five feet.

A strenuous game for the whole group is *Ride 'Em Cowboy*. All the players except one form in groups of four or five to make "broncos," clasping the one in front around the waist. The "lone cowboy" tries to catch a ride by clasping the waist of the last player in a bronco. If he can do this in spite of the bronco's swerving about, the first player of that group becomes the new lone cowboy. For a large group making six or more broncos, there should be two or three cowboys trying to catch rides.

Pre-teens would love a *Soda Fountain Party*. Set up a board for a counter and cover with oilcloth, with stools or benches in front of it. If the group is small, hand out a written menu featuring a choice of sandwiches, for instance, egg salad, cream cheese and jelly, peanut butter or lettuce and tomato, and a choice of white or whole wheat bread. For a large group, prepare the sandwiches beforehand, wrapping individually in waxed paper. Pile on trays at intervals along the counter, with a sign to mark the variety. Have one or two older children act as soda jerkers. To make a soda just like the drug store does, first put two spoonfuls of syrup (chocolate, butterscotch or

fruit) in the bottom of a tall glass, add a tablespoon of top milk, then a scoop of ice cream. Pour in soda water, stirring to cut down bubbles, and fill up the glass. Serve with an iced-tea spoon and two straws. You can also make a soda by pouring root beer or a cola drink over a scoop of ice cream.

Start games with *Numbers Change*. Form the players into two equal lines with one extra to be "it." Number off each line. Each player, with his number firmly in mind, scrambles around with the others. All form a big circle with the person "it" in the center. Now no one knows where any of the numbers are. "It" calls a number and the two children with that number try to exchange places, and "it" tries to take one of their places. If "it" is successful, he takes that child's number, and the displaced player becomes "it."

For a boys' group try an active game called *Kickup*. Form the children into two teams, and each team lies on the ground in a circle with all the feet touching at the center. A light ball or balloon is tossed into the middle. It must be kept in the air using the feet only, a point being lost each time the balloon touches the ground. Three minutes is long enough for this one.

For a quiet diversion, try *Who Am I?*, a guessing game. Whisper to each child the name of an animal. Each child is called on in turn and mentions three facts about the quadruped assigned to him. The others try to guess who he is. First one to name it correctly, gets a point.

• PIN MONEY PLANS •

WOMEN all over the country are letting down—their hems, I mean. You can cash in on fashion's whim by doing dressmaking de luxe—special sewing stints. Even if you are not an experienced seamstress, you could advertise your services in letting down hems

of summer clothing, soon to be needed. If you haven't a sewing machine, perhaps you could borrow one, or if the volume of work justifies it, rent one for a month, or club together with some friends for renting. If you do a neat job, pressing carefully and facing the hem with matching ribbon, binding, or the new rayon hem facing now at notion counters, you'll not lack for customers. Charge by the yard for hems, adding the cost of any materials used. Remember that children's clothes are easy to handle, heavy garments like women's coats more difficult, and set your price accordingly.

Another dressmaking specialty you can do at home is to make covered buttons. There is a gadget that easily covers a medium-sized button blank with cotton, wool, silk or rayon. The customer provides the pieces of material and you turn out those expensive-looking buttons to match her costume. There are also outfits available for attaching those strong launderable snap fasteners to all kinds of garments. Another gadget puts nailhead trimming on dresses, hats, belts and other accessories. These sets, manufactured by John A. Dritz, are available at most notion counters, in chain 5-and-10 stores and some mail-order houses. The button-covering set is \$1.25, the others a dollar each. The gadgets should pay for themselves quickly and then you'll be making pin money.

Fixing shoulder pads with snaps so that they can be removed for washing is another special job. Use regular snaps or the new tapes with fasteners attached that will also hold shoulder straps in place. There is also a new fabric belting with rubber threads on one side to sew into a skirt to hold down the blouse.

A new angle to baby-sitting might be a Saturday morning story time, one or two hours of stories for grade school children. Busy mothers would appreciate this service at the regular local baby-sitting rates.

• HERE'S AN IDEA •

HAVE you ever wondered why the chicken in salad in a swanky restaurant tasted so good? Or why chicken sandwiches and salads at the church affairs sometimes seemed so flat? It's not only careful seasoning with salt and white pepper. There is something added. It's lemon juice! Add a little juice when you add the mayonnaise to the prepared chicken. The lemon flavor shouldn't make itself known, use just enough to pep up the chicken taste. . . . Now is the time to start special plants of choice flowers if your church has a summer fair, and you want to capitalize on your extra nice begonias, petunias, geraniums or amaryllis. Paint the flowerpots with light pastel shades so they can be used as dress-up con-

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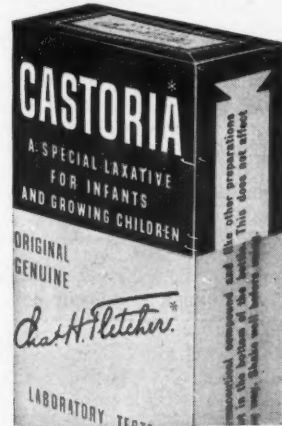
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☐ I AM UNDER 20. SEND ME BOOKLET A.

*"Moody
Annuities
Mean More"*

tainers . . . For an April meeting feature an exchange of choice seeds and bulbs in time for this season's planting . . . Here's a way to avoid pin marks when you cut your pattern of velvet or velveteen: hold the paper pieces in place on the material with paper weights or little sacks filled with beans or rice, made especially for sewing. Laying the pattern on the wrong (smooth) side of the goods and cutting just one thickness at a time will make your work more accurate too.

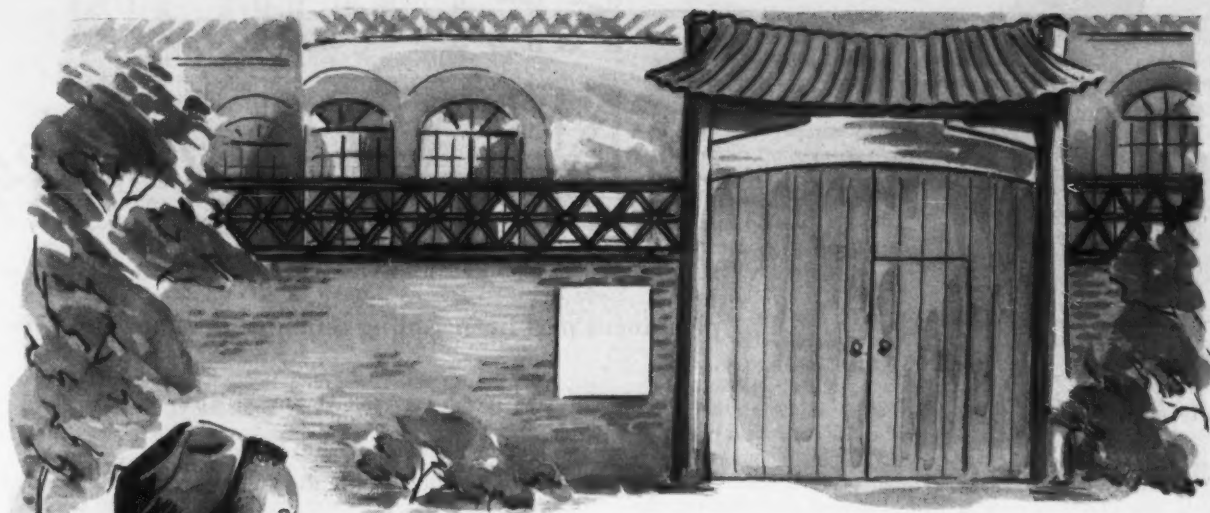
• BOOKLET REVIEW •

"TEMPTING Recipes Using Canned Foods" is a collection of recipes for every course of the meal, all of them taste-tested by experts. These recipes are particularly valuable for church workers because of the accurate measurements given for ingredients, and for the yield of each recipe in number of servings and size of the serving. Variations are suggested for many of the basic recipes so that they can be easily adapted to suit various needs. This sixty-four page booklet is free for the asking. Address: Home Economics Division, National Canners Association, Washington, D. C.

"Sew and Save," a large 48-page booklet prepared by the Spool Cotton Company, is a surprisingly complete sewing guide. For the beginner there is basic information on fitting and cutting patterns, basting, stitching and finishing garments. For the average sewer there are pointers on button-holing, pockets, facings, hem finishes, ways to set in zippers, etc. It's a good investment for a dime.

A well-known paper company has for years been creating suggestions for making party favors, table decorations, invitations, cards, packagings, house and hall decorations of crepe and other kinds of paper. The leaflets, some with games and stunts for parties, have explicit drawings and very detailed directions for making a little work and a little money give a wonderful effect. When you write to the company, please be sure to specify the time of year and the occasion or holiday you plan to celebrate so that you may be supplied with the most appropriate material. Dennisons, 300 Howard Street, Framingham, Mass.

Attention, supper chairman faced with the planning of another ham dinner: send for this free leaflet of garnishes suitable for the Easter ham, as well as a year-round reference of ideas and instructions for garnishing other meats. Besides complete cooking directions for baked ham and a variety of glazes, there are directions for easily preparing edible garnishes and special Easter novelties—gelatin eggs, Easter lilies and colored eggs. Garnishes by Martha Logan, Swift & Co., Union Stockyards, Chicago 9, Ill. **THE END**



H. Heccker

The Bitterness of U-Chi

By SPENCER DURYEE

THE boy U-Chi, at least in his own burning mind, was a Chinese Ishmael. Never had U-Chi heard of Ishmael, for the one roamed in an ancient desert and the other in the streets of Foochow. But they had this in common: both knew that every man's hand was against him, and therefore theirs would be raised in vengeance against every man.

U-Chi, aged nine, had a grudge against the world. Against the way the world abused him and his mother. Against all men. For fatherless boys in China have few friends. They have to fight their own battles, and U-Chi fought endlessly. After each fight he would sulk in dark corners, and he would see the men in the street and the housewives on their doorsteps smile and he would hear them say, "Ai! U-Chi is eating bitterness again."

Life was all bitterness, all shadows, vinegar, abuse. The only refuge from it all was in the two dark, dismal rooms in which U-Chi lived with the little mother, in a dank Foochow alley. In the one room they slept; the other was a kitchen, where they cooked and ate and where U-Chi studied his forbidding tomes of the Chinese classics and where the mother bent over her needlework after the day's work was done, earning

the pitiful extra cash that put the coat on U-Chi's back and paid his tuition at the Chinese school. Some nights she fell asleep over her needle, and slept till morning came. But she was up with the sun, scurrying down the alley to her day's work.

U-Chi hated all this as much as he loved his mother. Some mothers never worked; some children had everything; some fathers were rich. He felt sorry for himself, for he knew that once he had had a rich father; they had lived in a big house on the hill and the gods were kind to them, and they were happy. The father was a local official, prosperous and respected. Then the evil gods struck, the father was gathered to his ancestors, and a rascally, thieving uncle had deceived and duped the unschooled mother; they had lost the big house on the hill, and the whole of their inheritance. The mother, you see, could not read; she was a poor match for that fox of an uncle, who laughed when they went down to live in the dank alley.

Was ever a boy in the world so abused as U-Chi? Never!

But the mother did not give up. She cried, but she did not break. She had her son, and he was a dream that

(Continued on page 52)



RELIGION *is* NEWS *today*

RNS, the "Associated Press of Religion," plays a prominent part in spreading religious news far and wide

By **HOWARD RUSHMORE**

ERNEST ZAUGG wasn't thinking about Richard Harding Davis as he eased the battered jeep through the waves of mud that splattered the shell-pocked highway. A half-century ago Davis would have made high-sounding adventure out of this ride dedicated to human freedom. But Zaugg wasn't thinking about the so-called romance of the newspaper business. And he wasn't thinking about glamour. And this wasn't Cuba in the Spanish-American War days, but Poland in 1945.

Zaugg glanced over his shoulder at an equally battered jeep trailing the mud geysers of his own machine.

"Coming, Stan?"

His friend threw a grin in his direction and nodded. "This jeep's always been a good mudder."

The two passed through a war-desolated village where the occupants, accustomed to military vehicles, scarcely gave them a glance. But two Russian soldiers stared quizzically at the three letters printed across the side of each jeep.

"What do these words say, Comrade Sergeant?" one Red Army man asked the other.

Comrade Sergeant wrinkled his Slavic forehead, trying to remember the English he had learned in his training school. "Those words were Religious News Service," he said slowly. He repeated the word "religious" twice, then said contemptuously: "They must be those crazy Americans."

That night the two newspaper men entered a little Polish village and in the next twelve hours removed more than 100 Jews from hospitals and homes where the frightened survivors of twelve years of Nazi torture had been driven by Polish Christians who had learned well the German meaning of hate and murder.

Those magical words "Religious News Service" served as words of safety, of reassurance for the Jews caught in the tragedy of post-war years—the persecution of a people because of race and creed.

After he had carried them from the village into safety, Zaugg drove back to his office in Warsaw and wrote the story. Like a true newspaperman, he took little credit for what he had done. But his words, cabled to the New York City heads of RNS, burned with indignation at the bigotry and inhumanity he had seen.

This story went to more than 600 newspapers and magazines in this country, where millions of readers in the warmth of their homes shuddered at the facts presented by an earnest, hard-working newspaperman who wasn't a Richard Harding Davis but just another representative of Religious News Service.

Louis Minsky, managing editor of the news service that has been called "The Associated Press of Religion," was telling me that story about one of his many foreign correspondents in the RNS offices the other day. Having been a

reporter for eighteen years, I told him I appreciated the kind of man Zaugg was.

"So do we," Minsky said with a quick smile. "But he's typical of our correspondents abroad. They go beyond the call of duty to bring to a free world the story of religion—and of religion's enemies."

For fifteen years RNS had been doing that job slowly, quietly, efficiently and with the same zeal and conviction that Zaugg displayed in that little Polish village.

It was in 1933 that the National Conference of Christians



Religious News Service is equipped with every modern news gathering and dissemination device. Above, Louis Minsky, managing editor, checks a foreign news story coming in over the teletype. RNS pioneered in religious news 15 years ago.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

and Jews established RNS as the only world-wide agency furnishing news of all faiths and denominations to the church press, newspapers, magazines and radio stations.

"It took time to build up our string of overseas bureaus," Minsky said. "Fortunately we had a good chain of foreign correspondents when the war broke out.

"We scooped the world during the war," he added. "For example, our correspondent in Stockholm had many contacts in the Norway underground and his stories which appeared in this country gave an accurate picture of how the Norwegian pastors were fighting Hitler."

Braving the Gestapo and Nazi censors, RNS's correspondents risked their lives again and again to let the Allies know of the determined fight being waged by clergy and laymen of all faiths against the forces of anti-Christ.

IF religion is news today—and it is!—RNS has had a prominent place in searching out that news and disseminating it. Looking back on its fifteen-year history, RNS is proud of the way it has pioneered in religious news and is happy that all organs of communication are now recognizing religion as a major news subject.

The three major radio networks not only have religious editors, but are devoting more and more air time to sermons, dramas and talks which feature religion as the subject. Many local and independent stations have followed the example of the networks in giving their audience more religious programs.

The national magazines are also devoting increasingly more space to the topic. Outstanding in this field is *Time*,

owned by Henry Luce, an active Protestant layman. Another of Luce's publications, *Life*, has been giving more and more space—both picture and text—to religion. Other major publications for the family, such as *American*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* magazines, are likewise using articles of appeal to persons of all religions.

Even in the relatively new field of television, radio executives are looking forward to the time that sermons and religious dramas such as Christmas plays can be brought to the television screen.

This realization of the importance of religion in a post-war world, a world in need of spiritual solace and a rejection of Marxist and Nazi materialism, is welcomed by RNS.

Minsky said that the war for truth is still being carried on by RNS. The correspondent in Moscow, hemmed in by Communist censorship which lowers eyebrows even lower at a religious news service, recently managed to break through the iron curtain with the facts about Stalin's order for the Russians to return to their advocacy of atheism.

"How many world capitals does RNS cover?" I asked.

He leaned back and started counting. "London, Lisbon, Berne, Madrid, Geneva, Shanghai, Berlin, Tokyo, Cairo, Jerusalem, Rome, Athens . . ."

"Never mind," I laughed. "I see you have them all. But what about the domestic scene?"

"I'm glad you asked that question," Minsky said. "One of our biggest jobs here is to convince newspaper editors that religious news deserves a prominent space in their columns."

I remarked how my first news- (Continued on next page)



RNS coverage is world-wide. Above: The Dean of Canterbury is interviewed. Above right: The RNS jeep in Budapest. Below: The news room.



"Religious News Service Photo" is now a common credit line. Powell Gulick, above, is photo editor. RNS has a library of over 5,000 pictures.

YEAR OF DESTINY 1948

Many vital, worldwide issues, will be resolved this year and influence the entire earth for generations.

Things cannot stand still in Europe or in the Orient—nor can basic issues remain status quo here in America.

There are enheartening signs that Freedom may be revived and vouchsafed. That would give hope and succor to most else that matters.

What happens in America will be a primary factor in what happens everywhere else. This is a year in which every eligible citizen should share the responsibilities of decision at the elections.

But millions of eligibles are not even registered! Fifteen thousand pastors, banded together through Spiritual Mobilization purposes to get 5 million new voters registered and to the polls. We believe that to be a spiritual service in the interest of spiritual freedom—to preserve the democratic process and to undergird the dignity of man against the "New Leviathan" state.

Every minister who reads these words should write for our tracts and further information. There is no obligation. We need your help. Thousands are enlisting each month. Will YOU help us help save Freedom in the world during this year of epochal importance?

JAMES W. FIFIELD, Jr. DD
Director

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paper editor down in the Ozarks had saved space on Saturday for "church news" and let it go at that. Not that he wasn't religious and a good editor, but that was the customary thing to do in the newspaper business in those days.

"I know what you mean," Minsky said. "Thank heaven we're breaking down that tradition. For example, the *Toledo Blade*, one of the nation's finest newspapers, now has a standing order that at least three religious stories a day must appear in the news columns.

"I've spoken several times before national meetings of the American Press Institute and I get the impression from the various executives and editors that religion in our modern, troubled world is rapidly coming into its own as news every day in the week. Despite the shortage of newsprint and all the other problems that plague publishers, RNS is getting more subscribers every year and more and more religious news is appearing in the daily news columns."

Indicating the popularity of a subject once regarded as "dull and of no reader interest" by the average editor, one metropolitan newspaper recently met with a storm of protest from indignant subscribers when the weekly RNS "news roundup" was left out by mistake.

"I doubt if the editorial department thought the column on religion was being read," Minsky said. "But when the letters protesting its omission started piling up, and readers started telephoning, demanding the column, the paper hurriedly wired us its apologies and asked us to wire a duplicate column for the next edition."

THIS column, incidentally, is known as "The Week in Religion," and it presents a weekly interpretation on national and international trends in religion.

In RNS's earlier days "mail stories" were the only type sent from the Manhattan office. But now most of RNS stories are both received and dispatched by teletype, or "wire ticker," which flashes news into every subscribing paper almost instantly from RNS in New York.

"We also have a radio department which distributes a weekly fifteen-minute radio program," Minsky said. "Right now this column is used by nearly eighty stations."

Among the other RNS features are a religion question box, a weekly column by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, a weekly religious cartoon and a picture service which supplies RNS clients with up-to-date photographs in the field of religious news.

Minsky, a former New York correspondent for British newspapers and a regular contributor to American religious journals, presented the plan for RNS over fifteen years ago to Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, president of the National

Conference of Christians and Jews. The present name was adopted two years later.

"The National Conference, although operating RNS and making up our annual deficit, never once attempted to interfere in our policy or operations," Minsky added. "Our policy is dictated solely by the needs of our clients."

What are those needs? "Objective reporting. Terse, professional news writing. Complete, accurate coverage of the religious field."

To do this, RNS has a home-office staff of expert reporters and re-write men. The caliber of its various domestic bureau correspondents is illustrated by James Supple, Chicago editorial representative of RNS and also church editor of the *Chicago Sun* who last year was honored by the Associated Church Press for his distinguished reporting of religious events. In Cincinnati, Detroit, Milwaukee, Hartford, Newark, Portland, Seattle and many other cities, RNS correspondents are the church editors of the leading local dailies.

"You may ask how it is possible to handle news involving many different denominations and faiths and not rub anybody the wrong way," Minsky said. "It takes hard and painstaking work. We must not only be good newspapermen, but also experts in religion. We avoid propaganda of any kind. We make no attempt to water down or secularize religious stories, but at the same time make them popular without changing their meaning. We keep religious stories dignified without making them dull or superficial."

"What about RNS and the Protestant religion?" I asked Minsky.

"We feel that our greatest service has been to the Protestant press," he replied. "Our news agency serves most major Protestant publications in the country. About seventy-five percent of its domestic news output and about sixty percent of its foreign news coverage deals with Protestant developments."

We talked shop for awhile and then I asked him: "What about the reader of newspapers and magazines? How can he help?"

"I gave you one example of a paper which dropped our weekly news roundup and got so many protests," he said. "That's one form of action. But on the other and positive side, I'd advise the reader interested in religious news to let his editor know when the local paper has done a good job of reporting a religious event. Write the editor and thank him. Every editor loves such letters and it may encourage him to do it again. Many a sincere newspaper editor has been discouraged by the apathy of his readers who never indicate what they want in the paper. Compliments are rare in the newspaper business, complaints plentiful. Let that editor know when he's done a good job, that you're behind him."

THE END

WOMEN'S PLACE

(Continued from page 37)

"How many kits did we make for the children's home?" One of the circle replied, "Twenty-five," and the group started babbling again. The chairman rapped again. "How many packages of reclaimed clothing did we send abroad?" One of the members answered, and so it went until the full list of the year's activities was made known.

When the curtain rose on the program committee, the members were sitting in chairs "asleep on the job." The chairman tiptoed in and began to speak confidentially to the audience. She said her helpers were worn out objecting to her good plans. Yet she had managed to carry through her ideas successfully and she enumerated the programs of the past year, adding pertinent remarks about each.

"Of course," she went on, "I'll give my assistants a little credit because we have so much cash!" At that the ladies woke up and said in unison, "We heard every word you said. We'll take all the credit for the successes; you can provide the cash for the flops. But since you have done so well this year, we'll elect you for another year."

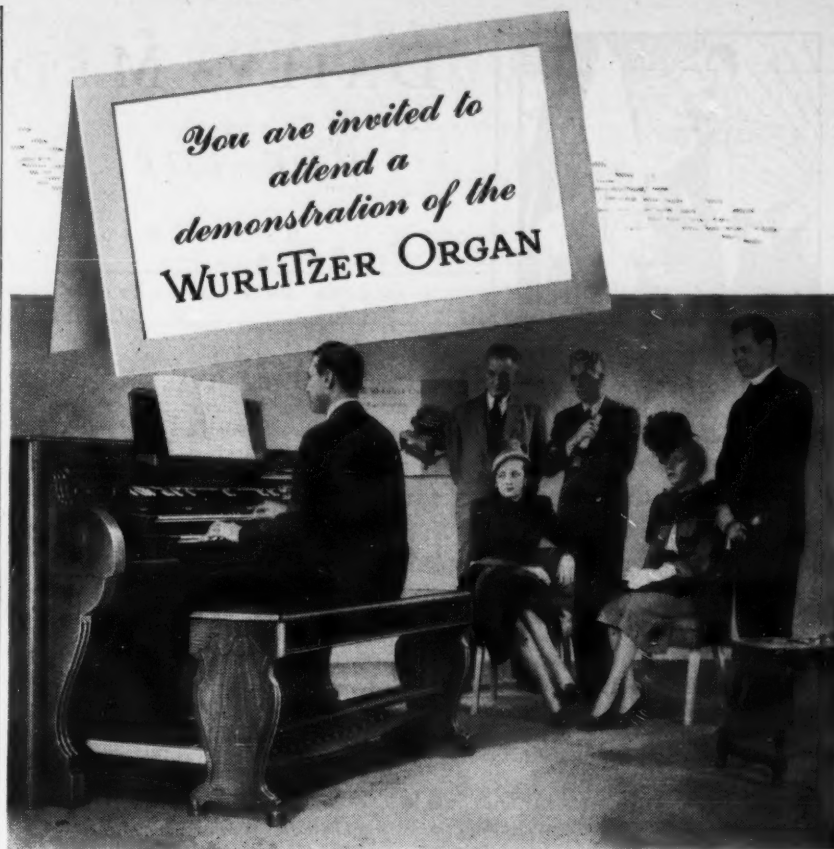
The last number was the "Treasurer's Grand Finale." The chorus sang:

*Hail to the treasurer! All bow low.
She holds the purse for the dough,
And she'll never let one cent go.
No, no, no, no, no!*

Miss Ladies Aid came sedately on stage and reversed the sign beneath the teller's window to read "Open for Business." The windows went up and the face of the treasurer appeared. She called each of the committee chairmen in turn. They went up to her window, passed in their written reports, then stepped back to form a semi-circle at one side of the stage. Mrs. Hayne, the treasurer, announced each total as she received it. Then she read off the names of the various organizations and missions which had received contributions from the group. A lady dressed in appropriate costume represented each recipient. Each lady stepped forward to receive the report for her organization, then stepped back to form a semi-circle on the other side of the stage. Everyone joined in singing the finale as the curtain went down.

And that was the Ladies Aid Revue. Sandwiches, cake and coffee followed. Since each member of the women's group, about forty strong, had been mentioned at least once, everyone felt the affair was quite successful and the best report rendering yet. THE END

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DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM L. STIDGER

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR EACH DAY OF THE MONTH

Thursday, April 1

READ DEUTERONOMY 31:6

*April sings its happy way
Into laughing, dancing May.*

—NONA WELSCH

"FOR THE LORD thy God will not fail thee" is the text this morning. One way in which God never fails us is that His universal laws always bring dawn out of night, spring and summer out of winter. Blustering, tempestuous March always makes way for singing, happy April. That is the law of life, and just as it is true in the physical universe so it is true in the spiritual universe. "For the Lord thy God will not fail thee."

Dear God of all universal laws, we thank Thee that we never doubt Thy running of the physical universe; so teach us never to lose faith in Thy guidance of spiritual things. Amen.

Friday, April 2

READ ISAIAH 40:31

*They who love the Lord shall live
Like an eagle on the wing;
They shall fly and not be weary;
They shall soar and laugh and sing.*

—MARY BERKEY

"THEY SHALL RENEW their strength." Renewal is one of the great attributes of April and renewal is one of the great promises of Christian living. These meditation hours are for renewal in spiritual things. "Are you very tired? Rest a little bit. In some quiet corner, fold your arms and sit. Let your heart grow empty of every thought unkind, let good hover 'round you that joy may fill your mind. Soon you'll feel so rested, glad you stopped a bit, in this quiet corner, to fold your hands and sit." That is the secret of spiritual renewal.

Dear Father of all quiet places—churches, homes, still waters, twilights—we thank Thee for the privilege of meditation. Amen.

Saturday, April 3

READ JOHN 6:54

*He shall have eternal life;
He shall leap and laugh and sing;
He shall know no stress and strife;
This the promise that I bring.*

—MARY SCOTT

"HE HATH ETERNAL life." That is the promise, the hope and the glory of the Christian. Not "he shall have" but "he hath!" That is a vital distinction. The Christian does not have to wait until death for this eternal life. "He hath eternal life here and now." Nichols Frost says: "Eternal life is our heritage from God and should be expressed by noble living and in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

Dear Father of all life, growth and glory, we thank Thee that we have eternal life, here and now. Amen.

Sunday, April 4

READ JOHN 15:12

*There are three rules of living:
Loving, serving, giving!*

—TURNER MEREDITH

"THAT YE LOVE one another." Christ illustrated all three rules for living the happy, noble life: He loved, He served, He gave. His last commandment was one of love, He washed His disciples' feet, He gave His life on Calvary. That is the great trilogy of successful living and a noble thought for this morning's meditation.

Dear Christ of the great heart, Thou didst teach us how to live happily and nobly and we thank Thee. Amen.

Monday, April 5

READ ISAIAH 45:21

*He is a God of justice,
Of truth and love and light;
He is a God of gentleness,
Of strength and power and might.*

—ROLAND MARKS

I ONCE ASKED John Burroughs, the naturalist, where he had seen the most perfect manifestation of God and he replied: "On a mountain peak with an Alpine flower nestling at its base." He was saying the same thing that Edwin Markham said in his Lincoln poem: "The tolerance and equity of light, That gives as freely to the shrinking flower As to the great oak flaring to the wind, To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn that shoulders out the sky." That is our theme: "A just God and a Saviour."

Dear Father of all power and April gentleness, we thank Thee that Thou art a just God and a gentle Father.

Tuesday, April 6

READ HEBREWS 12:1

*With patience let me run
The race, 'til life is done.*

—MARY JONES

"LET US RUN with patience the race." One day I was visiting Henry Ford when his lifelong cronies, John Burroughs and Luther Burbank, were there. We got to talking about patience because Mr. Burroughs had just written a poem with that title and I had read it to the group. Then Mr. Burroughs said: "God is a patient fellow [I use his very words]. He took a million years to build the Grand Canyon, five thousand years to grow a Redwood tree, and an aeon to build the Rocky Mountain range. It takes patience to do worthwhile things."

Dear God of all patience and tolerance, we thank Thee that when life seems to go wrong we remember we must run "with patience the race."

Wednesday, April 7

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:4

*Do not let your heart be sad;
Rejoice and be exceeding glad;
This is the Christian's roundelay;
This is the Christian's life and way.*

—MARJORIE MORGAN

"REJOICE IN THE Lord alway!" That means us, we of this meditation group, and it means this very day. We have not only that right but that obligation. "I will shout, I will sing; I will cry from the housetops this glorious thing!" is the way one poet puts it. "A sad-faced Christian is a Christian who is not taking advantage of his privileges," Dr. S. Parkes Cadman once said in my presence, and he was right.

Dear God of all laughter and love in human life, we thank Thee that we have a right to rejoice and be glad.

Thursday, April 8

READ LAMENTATIONS 3:22, 23

"HIS COMPASSIONS fail not. They are new every morning." That text was

CHRISTIAN HERALD



YOU CANNOT WASH YOUR HANDS...

Cain made the first declaration of "neutrality" when he asked: *Am I my brother's keeper?* History's verdict has been that you cannot wash your hands of responsibility for your fellow human beings.

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IT'S THE MISPLACED CONSCIENCE OF HUMANITY THAT KEEPS THE HEBREW PEOPLE DISPLACED

It is our indifference that leaves the Hebrew David standing before Goliath with an empty slingshot. It is our embargo on justice that makes this little boy live in a wire cage.

You cannot turn your back on the Hebrew people by pretending they are not your concern. And you cannot absolve yourself of your responsibility as a human being by saying that the diplomats and political leaders are "taking care" of the problem.

You can only look the simple truth in the face: none of the words and none of the promises of statesmen minor or mighty have so far helped a single Hebrew. But thousands of Hebrews have saved themselves and gone to Palestine through their own courage and through the help given them by the efforts of American citizens such as you. A people is in peril of its life. Its brothers are held in bondage and in exile. Its children—those lucky enough to still be alive—look out upon a world they never made, a world where children like them are forgotten.

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written for us of this meditation group. I was visiting Mrs. Joaquin Miller, widow of the great California poet, one April morning. As we sat under the trees looking at the dew-wet grass, she said: "One day John Muir sat in that very chair and said to Joaquin, 'Miller, the one great universal law of nature is renewal; renewal each morning, renewal each spring, renewal in flower and rock and tree. God is always making things new every morning, isn't He?'"

Dear God, Thou who makest all things new every morning, renew a right spirit within us this morning, we pray. Amen.

Friday, April 9

READ MATTHEW 8:3

*I saw God wash the world last night.
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree.*

"BE THOU MADE clean." Friends are always asking me how and why that poem came to be written. The answer is very simple. One morning in San Jose, Calif., after it had poured down rain all night long, the morning broke with a clean white sunlight. And as I looked out on the world, it seemed as if God had washed every rosebud, every leaf on every tree, every bird and bee, even the very air, and the phrase came to me, "I saw God wash the world last night." And then the poem came to be.

Dear God of the winds and dews and rains, we thank Thee that Thou wilt wash us clean as snow if we wish to be. Amen.

Saturday, April 10

READ MATTHEW 14:19

*He blessed and brake and gave the loaves
One glorious, eventful day;
That was Christ's love, His gentle care;
That was His kindly way.*

—ELIZABETH ROBINSON

"HE BLESSED AND BRAKE and gave the loaves." I like to think of another miracle of God's: the miracle of each day that He brings to us through His universal laws; each dawn and each April of renewal, with trees and flowers springing into new beauty and life. And when I think of that miracle of dawn, I think of Him as blessing and breaking and giving to me a new day, and I sing: "This day is mine, and be it dull or fair, it can be blest by faith and love and prayer."

Dear God, we thank Thee for the miracle of a new dawn and another April which Thou hast blessed and broken and given to us. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

Sunday, April 11

READ ISAIAH 42:6, 7

"I, THE LORD, HAVE called thee in righteousness." Then that glorious text goes on to practical matters and says: "To open the blind eyes, to bring them that sit in darkness out of the prison houses." In that same spirit Avis Baxter writes: "This day is mine to touch my brother's heart, Or stand aloof in silence, cold apart. This day is mine to heed another's cry Or close my heart and let it pass me by. This day is mine to hold for good or ill; God grant that I may mold it to God's will."

Dear God of all loving service, we pray Thee that we may hear and heed Thy call this day to serve our fellow man. Amen.

Monday, April 12

READ MARK 10:44

*Whosoever would be first,
Let him serve his fellow man;
Feed his hunger, quench his thirst;
Lift his eyes to heaven's span.*

—MARJORIE CHAVENELLE

"AND WHOSOEVER of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." Bishop Anderson, Henry Ford, John Burroughs, Luther Burbank and Harry Firestone used to take annual camping trips together and Bishop Anderson conducted an evening worship each night around a camp fire. One evening he read our text of this morning and in the discussion that followed, Mr. Ford said: "That is the greatest teaching that Jesus ever dramatized for the world."

Dear Christ, Thou who didst become the servant of all, we thank Thee that Thou didst teach us a sublime truth that morning. Amen.

Tuesday, April 13

READ MATTHEW 17:20

*If ye have faith the world is yours,
If ye have faith, while life endures
This truth shall ever shout and sing:
"My son, ye can do anything!"*

—MARY BOLING

JOHN BUCHANAN once said: "Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you take your eyes off the goal of God and lose your faith in Him." That great English writer was correct. Faith is impregnable; faith is all-powerful; faith is something within us which gives us a spiritual lift as if we had a lever under the universe and were powerful enough to lift it. William Allen White said to me one day, "Faith is a lever with which we can lift life to higher levels."

Dear God, Thou who hast given us all power if we but keep our faith in

Thee, renew our faith this morning as we worship. Amen.

Wednesday, April 14

READ PSALM 25:5

*Guide and teach me God of mine;
Lead and love me, O Divine!*

—MARY SHILLING

"LEAD ME IN THY truth, and teach me." That is a beautiful prayer for this day's meditation. Then add to that this prayer in verse by Norman Richardson: "Thou art the truth, the life, the way that leads to God, that saves from sin. O may my living day by day, help those in need, Thy life to win. Oh, grant Thy patience, Lord, to share Thy holy purpose, life to bring. May I Thy teaching always bear to those who need love's fostering."

Dear God, Thou great guide and teacher, teach us Thy ways that we may walk in them this day and all days.

Thursday, April 15

READ PSALM 103:1

*Bless Jehovah, O my soul,
As the days and nights unroll;
All that is within me sing
Of that high and holy thing!*

—MARY BURNS

"BLESS THE LORD, O my soul!" is a good text for our meditations this day. I talked with Dr. Paul Johnson, teacher of religious psychology, and he said: "One of the best spiritual purgatives I know is to dance and shout and sing. To 'bless the Lord, O my soul,' as the Bible says. That very act releases pent up emotions, inhibitions and lets loose dams of hate and selfishness." I want no better scientific testimony than that the Bible psychology is right.

Dear God of all release from life's inhibitions, we thank Thee that we do "bless the Lord. O my soul and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Amen.

Friday, April 16

READ ISAIAH 54:13

"ALL THY CHILDREN shall be taught of the Lord." One evening around a big glowing wood fire in my home, in the process of probing into Edwin Markham's life for my biography of that great poet, we got to talking about his home, his devotion to "The Madonna" as he always called his wife, his love for Virgil, his only son, and he said: "Being a poet I cannot leave Virgil much money. I cannot even hand on my writing talent [although he has some of his own]. But I have tried to teach him that there is a God in this universe."

Dear God of the universe, we thank Thee that Thou dost manifest Thyself



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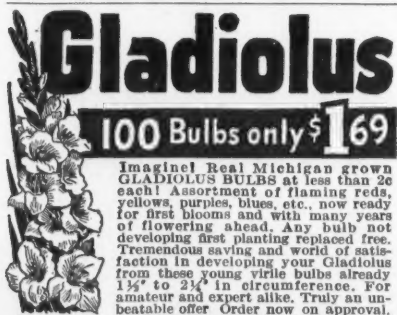
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Amen.

Saturday, April 17

READ JOHN 16:33

*Be of good cheer, O child of mine,
I am near and I am thine!*

—MARY BERKEY

"BE OF GOOD CHEER; I have overcome the world." Of all the people on this poor, bewildered earth these days—with unrest in India, Russia, Germany, England and the ends of the world—we Christians have a right to "be of good cheer" for we have: "Some hope, some dream to cling to, some rainbow in the sky, some melody to sing to, some service always nigh."

Dear God of all hope and love and faith, we thank Thee that we can "be of good cheer" even in these uncertain days. Amen.

Sunday, April 18

READ PSALM 68:35

*God giveth strength, He giveth power
For every need and every hour.*

—CLIFTON WAGNER

"HE THAT GIVETH strength and power unto His people." That means us, "for we are the sheep of his pastures." We who worship God in these meditations are "His people." We work in the consciousness that we are important to Him. God needs us and we need Him. That very fact gives us strength and power as we worship together today. Dr. Edgar Brightman, our Boston University philosopher, said to me recently: "God could not make a better world without our help. He needs us; therefore, He gives us strength and power to help Him build a better world."

Dear God who giveth strength, poise and power, come enter within us with Thy presence this day. Amen.

Monday, April 19

READ JOHN 17:22

*And the glory Thou hast given me
I return to Thine and Thee.*

—AMOS BOREN

"AND THE GLORY which Thou gavest me I have given them." Jesus had the spirit of sharing expressed in that text and that is the secret of all spiritual health. Norman E. Richardson expressed it this way: "Help me to share what Thou dost give, and be a friend, a trustful guide. As in Thy sight, oh, let me live, my selfishness be crucified." Henry Ford said it in prose in another way: "I don't want to make money on automobiles, I want to share transportation with the ordinary man and give him a more abundant life."

Dear God of all giving, teach us to

share what Thou hast given us this day.
Amen.

Tuesday, April 20

READ II CHRONICLES 20:15

*This is the hope and these the odds:
"The battle is not yours but God's."*

—ANGELA RUMP

"THE BATTLE is not yours, but God's" is a comforting promise. I talked with a lifeguard at a New England beach this past summer and he said: "Anybody could learn to swim easily if they could but remember that God made water buoyant. And if they could but rest in that fact, lie back, relax and have faith that, with just a little kicking of the legs and movement of the arms, they could swim—and swim easily." That is exactly what our text implies this morning, so let us rest on Him and in His strength.

Dear God of all righteous battles and tasks, let us remember that we do not fight and live alone. Amen.

Wednesday, April 21

READ HEBREWS 11:3

*God has framed the world in beauty;
He has crowned the night with stars.*

—LUTHER BURBANK

"THE WORLDS WERE framed by the word of God" is our text. I do not know whether Luther Burbank was aware of that figure of speech from the Bible, but I remember well one night in April when I stood with him at Santa Rosa watching a glorious sunset of crimson, gold and opal framing the earth from horizon to horizon. Those who said that Burbank did not admit, honor or worship God simply did not know his heart. I never think of him that I do not think of that night and that simple, poetic statement which he made as we stood there with hushed hearts in awe and reverence.

Dear God of the universe, we thank Thee that Thou has not only framed the world with Thy word but also with Thy beauty and love. Amen.

Thursday, April 22

READ ROMANS 8:9

*God dwelleth in you day and night,
His love and gentleness and light.*

—GARFIELD MORGAN

"THE SPIRIT OF GOD dwell in you." I talked with a Christian girl who is a nurse in a rehabilitation hospital near Framingham, Mass. One night a cruelly wounded boy looked up when she entered his room and said: "You're beautiful, Nurse. Your face shines!" The nurse replied, a bit embarrassed, "Then I'd better put some powder on." "No, I don't mean that. It shines from inside!" Tears came to the nurse's eyes

and she said to the boy: "That's quite the most beautiful thing any boy ever said to me. I want to shine from inside!"

Dear God of all beauty and light, help us to shine from inside because Thou dost dwell within us. Amen.

Friday, April 23

READ ISAIAH 45:22

*Look unto me and be ye saved,
For I am truth and light and love;
I fall like starlight, dew and rain
From heaven's high reaches far above.*

—ANGELA MORGAN

"LOOK UNTO ME and be ye saved." A great text for a great day and a great need. Certainly if ever this poor old world needed to be saved it is now. Europe and China are asking for help and it is our privilege to give it in the spirit of an old Ella Wheeler Wilcox verse: "Let me this morning do something that shall take a little sadness from the world's great store, And may I be so favored as to make of Joy's too scanty sum, a little more."

Dear Father of all love and might and power, we look to Thee for help this day, for we need Thy salvation. Amen.

Saturday, April 24

READ PSALM 91:1

"HE SHALL ABIDE under the shadow of the Almighty." Who shall abide there? Answer: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High." And where is one of those "secret places of the Most High?" Answer: In these very meditations hours as we meet each day, for did He not also say, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of them"? He did and He meant it. He is here and shall be with us all this day "a very present help in time of trouble."

Dear God of the great shadowing cliffs and peaks and trees, we thank Thee that we may abide in Thy shadow and care. Amen.

Sunday, April 25

READ DEUTERONOMY 31:6

"HE WILL NOT FAIL thee!" That is a comforting word for this day and how greatly we need that assurance. I know a young girl who had a grievous tragedy in the loss of her child at birth. Then there was the necessity for a blood transfusion. Her mother had the right blood count and gave her daughter of her blood. Later when that mother came into the room she fainted and her daughter looked up, sensed what had happened, and said: "Good old Mother. She always stands by. She is always there when you need her!" Another way



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of saying, "He will not fail thee."

Dear Father of all faithfulness, we thank Thee that Thou art always there when we need Thee. Amen.

Monday, April 26

READ ROMANS 8:16, 17

*We are His children, He our friend;
World without end! World without end!*
—NATHALIE ROBERTS

"WE ARE THE CHILDREN of God." The consciousness of that immortal fact that we are the children of God, and that all other humanity is also, gives us something of the desire and mood of Ella Wheeler Wilcox: "Let me look back tonight across the span 'twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say: 'Because of some good act to beast or man, the world is better that I lived today.'"

Dear Father, our Father, help us to remember that Thou art the Father of all children of this earth today. Amen.

Tuesday, April 27

READ PHILIPPIANS 4:8

*Think of God's things and free Thy life
Of hatred, hurt, regret and strife.*

—NONA WELSCH

"THINK ON THESE things." David Lloyd George, great prime minister of England, once said to me in an interview: "My wife is always beautiful because she thinks of beautiful things; she is always calm and undisturbed no matter how agitated I may be, because she thinks of calm things; she is always strong, like a rock or a mountain peak, because she thinks of strong things. I have always hidden in the cover of her strength and poise." That says it for us today in a turbulent world.

Dear Christ who stilled the turbulent waves of Galilee, still Thou our restless hearts this day. Amen.

Wednesday, April 28

READ PROVERBS 10:4, 6

*Blessings fall upon the land
Which is guided by God's hand.*

—EMILY BRONTE

"BLESSINGS ARE UPON the head of the just." Richard Harrison played the part of "De Lawd God" in "Green Pastures." Once I had that great Negro in my home for dinner. We got to talking about his part in the play and he said this to me: "Blessings innumerable have fallen to my lot." I reached for my Bible and read our text of this morning and he replied with a gentle smile: "I guess it's true. I try to do God's will and to go His way."

Dear Father of all good and goodness, we thank Thee that Thy blessings do fall upon the heads and lives and homes and paths of the just. Amen.

Thursday, April 29

READ I THESSALONIANS 5:16

*Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
Friend of mine, by night and day.
This is but thy privilege,
This the Christian's wont and way.*
—MARIA ROBINSON

"REJOICE EVERMORE!" Just two words, but *what* words! And they mean what they say. They mean that no matter what happens to the Christian there is some good in it and something good will come of it. That is the true meaning of Christianity, symbolized by the fact that out of Good Friday came the Resurrection.

Dear God of all law and life, we thank Thee that Thou didst bring life out of death so long ago. Amen.

Friday, April 30

READ JOHN 6:51

"HE SHALL LIVE forever!" I am often astonished at the absolute affirmation of many texts in the Bible. There is no hemming and hawing, no equivocation, no subterfuge, no qualifications. They say what they mean and mean what they say. One day I talked with Dr. S. Parkes Cadman about this very thing and he said: "Forever is a long time, but don't forget that it is God's time."

Dear God of the "forevers" of life, we thank Thee that our habitat is eternity and that we are children of the ages.

THE BITTERNESS OF U-CHI

(Continued from page 41)

possessed her, day and night. U-Chi, she vowed, would have his chance. When he rebelled against school, she would take him in her arms and say, "You must study, my son. Think now—I might apprentice you in the pawnshop; you are old enough for that, and the work is light enough. But no. It is better that you study, and learn the ways of men. If I had had learning, your uncle could not have stolen the deeds to your father's house. Study, U-Chi. Study! Remember the fortune-teller."

The fortune-teller, in China, is a mighty man; he is the representative of the gods among humanity, holding the fates of men and women and little boys in the hollow of his hand. And one fortune-teller had told the mother of U-Chi that the gods decreed on education for her son, and that he must have it, and she must help him get it. Thus it was that she had but one fine dream left in all her life: the education of U-Chi.

"Ai," she would say. "Ai! You shall have learning and wisdom, my son. Then you shall show them! Then you shall beat them!"

Resentfully, U-Chi went every day to the school of the Old Teacher, where he sat in the midst of other boys studying the classics which were the key to all success in the China of that day. He learned passage after passage, by heart; the room was filled with the murmuring of the boys who memorized out loud; it was like the droning of a thousand bees. Sometimes his eye would wander from the book to the rich coat of a fellow-student, and he would gnash his teeth and forget Confucius.

ONE afternoon, when the sun was hot and the passages unusually hard, his eyes and mind wandered too long, and Old Teacher saw it. Old Teacher put down his pipe, rapped loudly with his stick.

"Put away books. Time for recitation. U-Chi!"

U-Chi's heart went down to his cotton-soled shoes; he was caught and he knew it. He stood up brazenly, made a poor attempt to bluff his way through—and failed, miserably.

"Come here!" shouted Old Teacher.

U-Chi shuffled forward, held out his hand. Down came the ruler on his open hand, once, twice, a dozen times. Fire raced up his wrist; he bit his lips to keep back the tears, but the tears came and the boys laughed and suddenly U-Chi could take no more. He tore his hand from Old Teacher's grasp, turned from him and ran like a wild colt out through the door and into the street. He whirled on them there, shouting: "I hate you. All of you. And I'll never come back. Never!"

He roamed out into the open fields, near the mountain called Ku-Shan, where a little group of men and boys were sailing kites against the bright blue sky. He sat with them a while, and then he wandered off to a group of boys gambling with marbles in a cleared spot. He listened to their curses, which were easier than the classics to remember.

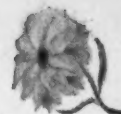
He left them soon and wandered on, aimlessly, until he came to the temple on the hill-top, where he strolled about among the men who had come to bow before the gilded gods and to thrust their odoriferous incense into the great urns. He spent an hour listening to the tale of intrigue and love spun by a story-teller.

It was nearly dark when he started home, but not so dark that the men and women in the street could not see him and say with a sad shake of their heads, "U-Chi is eating bitterness again."

The little mother's heart-strings nearly snapped when he told her; she sat and looked at him with all her world coming down in ruins about her. This could not be, after all she had suffered. But it was! U-Chi meant it. He would never go back. He would never take

(Continued on page 85)

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Bedside Manners

**FOR VISITING
SICK FRIENDS**

BY W. W. BAUER, M. D.
ILLUSTRATED BY DAUBER

IF THERE is one Biblical injunction which we take seriously, it is that one which has to do with visiting the sick.

"I was sick, and ye visited me . . ."

It came from the lips of Jesus, and His sincere followers have been a-flutter to heed the advice ever since. If only the deed could always be as good as the intention, it would be a marvelous service. Of course there are many intelligent visitors who do incalculable good for the sick; there are many more who do not.

For the sake of your sick friends whom you visit, why not take a little inventory of types, and see if you can fit yourself into one or more of them? Is your visit to the sick a blessing or a detriment? What can you do to overcome your shortcomings?

Here is Theresa. She is big, strong and hearty. She has never been sick a day in her life. She breezes into the sickroom like a thirty-mile gale, plumps herself down on the side of the sickbed, and starts to talk. She talks loudly, with bursts of laughter when something strikes her funny. Pretty soon she begins to fan herself; remarks, "Whew, it's hot in here!" and marches over to the window, which she throws up to the top. After about three-quarters of an hour, she departs as abruptly as she came, leaving the window open. As she disappears down the corridor, she yells back a promise to be back tomorrow, without fail. She comes, too. Theresa is not the gal to let her friends down.

Joe is the male version of Theresa, only he leans against the bed and jiggles it as he laughs uproariously at his own jokes. Being a man, he is likely to clap the patient on the back if he considers him a good pal. He chews gum loudly, and leaves the wrappers in the patient's drinking-glass coaster. "I hope you don't mind," says Joe. "The nurse will clear it away when she comes in."

Joe, being a considerate and generous fellow, brings the patient a box of chocolate candy with nut centers, which the patient cannot have. Joe stays an hour—doesn't believe in being stingy with his time. He'll be back tomorrow too. "Can't leave a pal in the lurch," he says. "Out of sight ain't out of mind. Not with Joe, it ain't. Ha! Ha!"

Penelope comes into the sickroom quietly, slipping through the door and closing it softly after her. Since the patient is a girl, she brings her a dainty handkerchief embroidered with an initial. She sits in a chair, placing it so that the patient can see her easily and does not have to stare into a light or at a bright window aperture to do so. She brings some news items of their common acquaintances—Sue's baby has her first tooth; John and his sister are going to visit their uncle and aunt for their vacation; Jim got a promotion and nice raise at the office; Butch is finally combing his hair and washing his hands without being told and his mother suspects there's a girl in the picture; Sally got so busy arguing with her husband the other night that she poured coffee into a saucer without putting a cup there

to receive it; the tickets for the club play are all sold; it's been a lovely day and the autumn leaves are gorgeous.

Nice cheerful items, every one. No deaths, no illness, no divorces, no troubles, no problems, no worries. After fifteen minutes, Penny says she must hurry along now, because she has to buy mittens for the twins, and besides Bill will skin her if supper isn't ready. Knowing the twins, and how Bill adores Penny, the patient gets a grin out of that one long after Penny has gone. Also, she enjoys the lovely gift with its faint fragrance of rosemary—and she remembers the verse, *Rosemary, that's for remembrance*. Isn't Penny a dear?

Mary visits her next-door neighbor at the hospital, where the latter has just had a baby. Mary arrives right after visiting hours start, and they have to remove her with everything short of brute force two hours later when the visiting hours end. In the meantime she has sat in the visitor's chair, her face so long that her chin is almost on her knees. And she has rehearsed every tale she has ever heard about what could go wrong with babies.

THERE was Virginia's lovely little girl baby, who lived only a week after they got her home. "Just couldn't keep a thing on her poor little stummick. I tell you, my dear, I saw it myself—the most pathetic thing you ever did see. When they loosened up her little band, you could just see the muscles straining, but she vomited everything they gave her. And of course they couldn't bear to put the little darling under the knife. Only thing would save her, the doctor said, but of course they didn't have the heart."

Mary sighs, and then a new recollection comes to her. "And there was Jack and Joan's baby. Had this new-fangled blood disease, you know what I mean—got two initials to it—and oh yes, now I remember. 'RH,' that's it. Beats all what the doctors will discover next. And they say you never can tell when a baby's going to have it."

She raises her melancholy gaze to the young mother and asks anxiously, "Your baby's all right, ain't he—so far?"

With a gulp the patient assures her that the baby is all right—so far—and heroically refrains from saying that the mother is not so good.

Susie is a good soul, too. She believes in visiting the sick, but she never knows what to say when she gets there. Small talk is not her dish, and she knows that speaking of operations is best left to some occasion when recollection of recent experience is less vivid. So she comes in and says hello,

and sits by the window and looks out, saying nothing, for a long time, meantime picking at the seam of her skirt. After a while she remarks that it looks like a nice day out, doesn't it? When this startling revelation has been agreed upon, silence settles again.

After a long time Susie remarks that "Spring is late this year, isn't it—ha! ha!" The patient agrees. After thirty minutes of similarly inspired conversation, Susie rises to go, stands on one foot and then the other, finally gulps, "Good-bye," and flees to the refuge of somewhere, anywhere, else. Poor Susie, she cannot help it, and yet she must go and visit, or what will people say?

Joan is very much like Susie, only she is a bit more clever. She doesn't go alone. She takes two or three of the girls with her to brighten the occasion, (Continued on page 61)



... Mary, with face down to her knees, tells tales of woe.



... Joe breezes in with loud talk and forbidden candy.

When Visiting the Sick . . .

- DO** see only those who are allowed visitors.
- DON'T** come outside of visiting hours.
- DO** come alone or with but one other person.
- DO** be quiet.
- DON'T** visit more than fifteen minutes.
- DO** be cheerful.
- DON'T** bring delicacies forbidden the patient.
- DON'T** bring books heavy in weight or subject.
- DON'T** bring flowers with a heavy fragrance.
- DO** carry the main burden of the conversation.
- DON'T** express opinions about the patient's doctor, the hospital or the treatment.
- DON'T** sit on the bed, lean against it, jolt or jiggle it.

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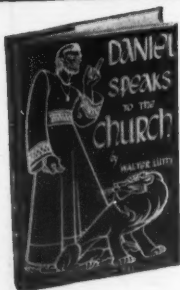
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THE New Books

by DANIEL A. POLING

THE IDES OF MARCH, by Thornton Wilder (Harper, 246 pp., \$2.75).

THORNTON WILDER recreates for our times the Rome of Julius Caesar. Here is an author who is not only one of the most original of contemporary writers, but one of our greatest American novelists in any time. To read between these backs is sheer delight. The greatest of the Caesars comes alive and grows into the monumental proportions that history has accorded him. But he is human now, human entirely, though there were many who worshipped him as divine. Cleopatra and Cicero, Marc Antony and Brutus, and the lesser ones of their community come and go, pass and repass, but the central figure moves irresistibly to the tragic climax of his career.

Here are some of the sentences that are etched upon these pages: "Cicero embarrasses decision. It is as though he felt his mind to be operating only when it is interlocking itself with significant consequences." "The achievements of men are more remarkable when one contemplates the limitations under which they labor." "Cicero is next door, refining and writing those doleful insincerities he calls philosophy." The novel is heavily weighted by the words that Wilder puts into Caesar's mouth regarding religion. Here is a series of letters that do not seem to be letters at all. The book is from the author's imagination. Only one document is historic.

ABRAM SON OF TERAH, by Florence Marvyn Bauer (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00).

THE author of "Behold Your King" has written a new and greater novel, the story of the lad and youth who was to become the father of the "chosen people." It is the convincing, thrilling tale of the boy as he might have been. The author writes: "As here portrayed he can be compared to the Abram of tradition and record only to the degree that the bud of a flower . . . can be compared to the blossom approaching its full development." Details of life and worship, family and social customs, are multiple and endless, but they scintillate in every sentence and never tire. The novel is as realistic and even brutal as that far-off time must have been, but the realism is without offense. Lesser writers who in the name of realism cor-

rupt contemporary literature with their pig-sty material, could very profitably explore these pages. Particularly effective is the development of the boy Abram's faith in one God. The story of the slave who worshipped Jehovah in an alien heathen land is poignant indeed. The development of the romance between Abram and Sari is a work of art. Definitely this is a contemporary masterpiece that should be a best-seller.

PRAYER AND YOU, by Helen Smith Shoemaker (Revell, 156 pp., \$1.75).

THE wife of a very distinguished preacher, who in her own right is distinguished, shares with you both her prayer philosophy and her prayer experience. Both are reassuring, strong and rich. The author's originality is emphasized by the fact that this reviewer, at least, regrets her quotations! For him, they interrupt rather than assist. What she has to say about group prayer, preparation for prayer and the results of prayer is particularly timely, and she concludes with "the key to life" which really unlocks the door. Her description of members of the three faiths praying together leaves an ache in the heart because there is so little of this when there should be so much. A gracious, inspired book.

PRAYER AND THE COMMON LIFE, by Georgia Harkness (Abingdon-Cokesbury, 256 pp., \$2.50).

THIS is the publisher's prize-winner and a distinguished volume indeed. Scholarship and fine writing are united with a devotional approach to what is, I believe, the supreme experience available to the human soul. Prayer is an experience! It is well written: "Of all the things the world now desperately needs, none is more needed than an upsurge of vital, God-centered, intelligently grounded prayer." This is true not only because "prayer presupposes communication and response," but because prayer as a personal experience achieves both. Perhaps of all experiences prayer is the most intimate and personal. Also, it is the one medium through which the finite becomes infinite. Here is a book of the year.

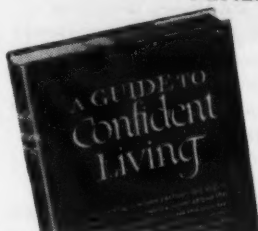
BOOKS IN BRIEF

A MASK FOR PRIVILEGE, by Carey McWilliams (Little, Brown, 291 pp., \$2.75). A provocative book, an embarrassing book—for us "majorities," and a timely book. Here is the documented indictment not only of anti-Semitism but of man's fear of fear. Also it is the historical annotation of the rise of anti-Semitism in America. Incidentally it is another argument—perhaps the basic one—for the Jewish state. Don't read this book unless you are willing to be disturbed, terribly disturbed, and greatly ashamed. But there is hope in it too, and an answer. Yes, there are contradictions between these backs, but they are minor. The book itself is major.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER. AN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Charles R. Joy

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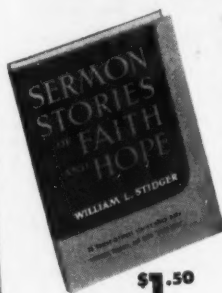
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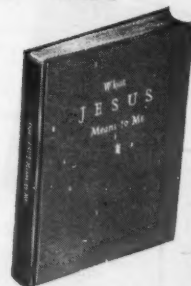
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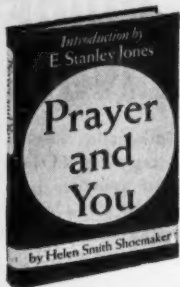
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(Harper, 323 pp., \$3.75). Schweitzer books have become a vogue, but here is a volume which Schweitzer himself has written! Never before have his inspired writings been culled to form "an organized pattern of commentary, criticism and credo in the enduring aspects of life." The editor has gone wherever Albert Schweitzer has written and this volume goes a long way toward proving that Schweitzer is, indeed, "the greatest man in the world."

THACKERAY, by Laura Benet (Dodd, Mead, 382 pp., \$3.00). The radiant quality that distinguished Laura Benet's enchanting "Jenny Lind" and "Young Edgar Allen Poe" is even more shining here. Thackeray's humanity and his courage in conquering crushing grief, his steadfastness as he slowly rises to a great fame, here come alive.

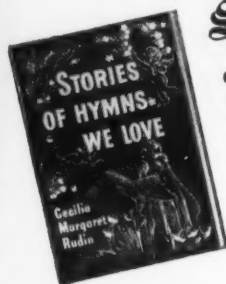
HARPOF A THOUSAND STRINGS, by H. L. Davis (Morrow, 438 pp., \$3.00). The spell cast by a woman over a man is the mystical canopy that covers a warring world. In this dynamic novel the fields of action are in both Europe and America. The creative force dominating the author's "Honey in the Horn" is equally dominant in this book.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH: ST. AUGUSTINE (Cima Pub. Co., 494 pp., \$4.00). "Writings of St. Augustine," the second volume in the monumental library "The Writings of the Fathers of the Church" issued by the Cima Publishing Company, Inc., contains some of the most sublime chapters within the vast area of Christian devotional literature. These marching paragraphs were all written in the exalted mood of this triumphant saint whose sainthood within grace was nevertheless the achievement of his own soul. The character of these publications compliments religious publishing at its highest and best.

BELLS OF RUSSIA, by Alexander Morskoï (Bruce Humphries, 340 pp., \$2.50). The moving story of the return of the Russian people to religion. In classical style, in realistic fiction, it is the rejection of the no-God state. It will not find a place in church libraries, but religious leaders who read it will be greatly helped to understand the Russia that turns again to worship.

THE MIND IN ACTION, by Eric Berne, M.D. (Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., \$3.00). Presented as "a layman's guide to psychiatry," this book is definitely just that. The table of contents is particularly helpful. It will be difficult for any reader not to find paragraphs of immediate interest. The appendices are also of great value.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP OF THE PROPHETS, by John Paterson (Scribner, 313 pp., \$3.00). The chronicle of those extraordinary men whose acts and deeds can never die. Written for now, it brings the prophetic past into full focus on the uncertain present. This is more than a study; it is an experience for those who would know.



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THE WELL OF THE UNICORN, by George U. Fletcher (Sloane, 338 pp., \$3.50). A novel that is also a parable. The foreword is very essential and serves as a guide to a vast, remote and yet adjacent country. Between these backs is fine writing. The mood is exalted, but the writer, with his head among the stars, walks the hard earth.

AMERICA'S DESTINY, by Herman Finer (Macmillan, 407 pp., \$5.00). A realistic volume that should be read by dreamers in the field of international affairs—dreamers who should come awake. Always a passionate defense of democracy, it is frequently unconvincing in dealing with international relations. The author does not believe that we can arrive at world peace by creating a world state, but he certainly does not prove that an enduring world peace can ever be achieved without a world state or its equivalent, for the administration of world affairs. Let us agree that the universal acceptance of democracy is essential to world security, but may we not reasonably ask "What is democracy?" However, this reviewer agrees that so long as major powers or a major power practice and preach class war and permanent revolution, American democracy must maintain her full and integrated strength—not only in self-defense, but to discharge her world obligations through the United Nations.

BY THESE THINGS MEN LIVE, by Ruby M. Appell (Allan Publications, 107 pp., \$1.50). The author of "Adventures in Thinking," which is simplified metaphysics for our time, in this book has written a universal message. It lifts and inspires while it calls to the guarded heights of spiritual experience and achievement.

THIS MAN AND THIS WOMAN, by Frederick Brink (Association Press, 80 pp., \$1.50). I like this book immensely. In my opinion it is the best thing of its kind that has been written for young people contemplating marriage. It has in a small compass the vital particulars which should be thought through by young men and young women. It is refined and decent, but realistic.

THE STORY OF JESUS, edited by Bradford Smith (Lippincott, 223 pp., \$2.50). This little book is what you and I have waited for—the story of Jesus as it appears in the four gospels, in the language of the King James Version and without interruptions and repetition. Such a volume does not take the place of the gospels themselves, but definitely it inspires their reading while it gives the life of Jesus in a composite whole. I do not believe that anything has been done before that is so likely to induce general Bible reading.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Rinehart, 348 pp., \$2.75). Mary Roberts Rinehart makes the average and better-than-average mystery novel very pale and pallid. In her latest she is at her best. The story is strong, vital, convincing—and high entertainment.



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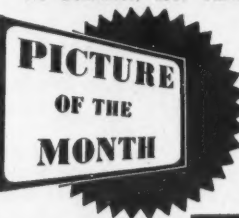
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The Spice of Life

One Point Landing

Peter: "The horse I was riding wanted to go one way and I wanted to go another."

Pat: "Who won?"

Peter: "He tossed me for it."

Scientist

Mr.: "That boy will be the death of me."

Mrs.: "What's wrong now?"

Mr.: "He wants to know what would happen if he mixed a bottle of ink eradicator with a bottle of ink."

—Watchman-Examiner.

Secret

Out of curiosity, a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made out of the linen. Some time later he bragged about it to a woman guest at dinner.

"I grew this tablecloth myself," he said.

"Did you really?" she exclaimed. "How did you ever manage it?"

It was plain she had no idea of how tablecloths came into being, so he lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "If you promise not to give the secret away, I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin!"

—Lookout.

Scotch Joke

The town's wealthiest man, and its most stingy, had just been rescued from the water of a lake where he had been fishing from a boat. His rescuer was the leading doctor of the town. After the long, hard work of resuscitation by the doctor and the first-aid treatments, the miser pulled out a dollar and handed it to the doctor, saying: "Well, doctor, I'm much obliged to you for savin' my life just now. Here's a dollar . . . all I have on me."

The doctor handed it back, saying: "Oh, keep your money!"

"Not at all! Not at all!" said the miser. "It would have been lost anyway if ye hadn't saved me!"

—Pathfinder.

Official Secret

The jeep is rapidly beating the old "tin Lizzie" in the anecdote stakes. One of the best of the latest batch of "Jeepiana" is the story of two war correspondents who arrived on the Indian frontier and announced they had driven in their jeep from a town in Burma.

"Impossible," said the officer to whom they reported. "There are no roads across those hills and jungles."

"Here, not so loud," remonstrated one of the pressmen. "Our jeep hasn't found out about roads yet, and we don't want to spoil it."

—McCall Spirit.

On The Job

A young lady who had parked her car in forbidden territory returned some two hours later to spy from afar a large and patient policeman curled up in its front seat awaiting his prey.

Making a quick decision, she stepped into a taxi, rode home and telephoned the Police Department that her car had been stolen.

An hour later the car was returned by the same traffic policeman, quite proud of his alertness.

Landlubber

A regiment crossing the Atlantic were uncomfortably seasick. After a week afloat some of the men recovered enough to come on deck.

"Come over here to the rail," said one who felt fairly well, to his buddy.

"You can see birds over here."

"Birds? What kind of birds?"

"Gulls."

"Gulls? I don't want to see any gulls."

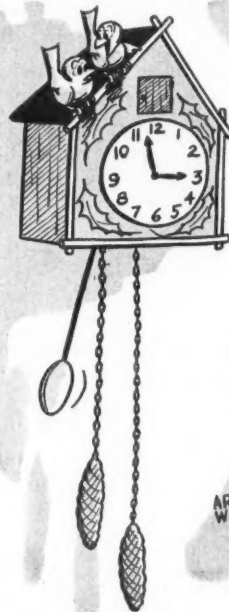
I just want to see a bird that flies from tree to tree."

Beg Pardon?

Jack: "Give me an example of nothing."

Jill: "Nothing is a balloon with its skin off."

—Watchman-Examiner.



ART
WINBURG

"It's a swell apartment. The only trouble is I have to wait until the clock strikes to get in."

Ho-Hum

Joe: "Why is doing nothing so tiresome?"

Tim: "Because you can't stop and rest."
—*Builders.*

Loan Star

Teacher: "Where is the capital of the United States?"

Johnny: "In loans all over the world."
—*McCall Spirit.*

Fish Story

"What lovely salmon!"

"That's not salmon; that's cod blushing at the price they're asking for it."

Pick Another!

Young and inexperienced father (looking at triplets the nurse had just brought out): "We'll take the one in the middle."
—*Lookout.*

Animal Instinct

Harry: "My wife asked me to take our old cat off somewhere and lose it."

Bill: "Did you?"

Harry: "Lose it? Why, if it hadn't been for that old cat, I'd never have gotten home."
—*Advance.*

Tough Guy

A little Cockney soldier staggered out of a London station, bowed down by the weight of all his equipment, rifle, kitbag, pack, waterbottle, and the rest. A burly Yank offered him a hand with his gear. "No, thanks, chum," said the Cockney, "Britain can take it."
—*The Christian Science Monitor.*

BEDSIDE MANNERS

(Continued from page 55)

and they fill the sickroom, making up in the volume of their chatter for all that Joan lacks, and more. They have a hard time getting together on the departure too. Every time one of them gathers up her gloves and starts for the door, one of the others has one priceless last thought, and they all settle down again. After at least six false starts they finally get away.

Let's not forget Jim. He is one of those "just-this-once" people. His friend George is in the hospital, and Jim goes to see him. The sign says "No Visitors," but Jim brushes that aside: "It won't hurt good ol' George, just this once. Anyway, he and I are like that." So Jim breaks in past the nurse, and opens his package, containing some of George's favorite snack—deviled ham. George is on a meatless diet, for the special purpose of making some tests. "Nonsense," Jim scoffs, "a bit of meat won't hurt him—just this once." And so on and on.

Do you think these are extreme cases? Far from it. Every one of them has happened in my experience, and I have disguised them only enough so that the actual people will not be embarrassed, though why they should be spared I do not know. With one exception, every visit here described has done more harm than good.

(Continued on next page)

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Sick people are more easily influenced than those who are well by apparently trifling things. The relationship between body and mind, always close, seems accentuated when illness is present. An unfavorable experience with a visitor may actually retard the recovery of the patient, by giving him, in the popular phrase, a "setback." After a visit from an unwise or untactful person, pain may be increased, temperature may rise and there may even be emotional upsets of major degree. When the doctor puts up a "No Visitors" sign he really means it, and there is no more dangerous and inexcusable action than that of the visitor who disregards such a sign.

"Oh, Mother couldn't get along without me," is one excuse, or "I've always been able to help Roberta when she needed it, and now is no different." "Doctors just do that to save trouble for the nurses," says one irresponsible, barging in for a visit and blurting out some bad news about which nothing could be done, and which the patient should have been spared for a more propitious time. "I'm paying the bills," is one man's contemptuous reply to the nurse who tries to enforce the no-visitor ban, "and I'll say who visits the patient."

Some people are natural-born visitors. They are quiet, tactful, restful, poised. They know what to say and when to say nothing. If the patient is discouraged, they understand whether to sympathize, make light of the discouragement, offer to do something about it, or offer a prayer for divine help or guidance. They know, above all, when to leave.

Others with equal zeal are not able to achieve sick-room conduct which is helpful. Usually this is not the fault of the visitor, but a trait of character or personality which in adult life is difficult to remedy. Yet often such persons are imbued with the spirit of helpfulness, and wish to do their part in the lightening of the load of illness.

There are two or three things such persons can do. They can go visiting with one—not more—other person, preferably one who does visiting well. This will remove much of the embarrassment and help to make the visit a success. If such an arrangement is not possible, the personal visit should be given up in favor of a message. This may be a note—mail is always welcome, and can be read or put aside according to how the patient feels, or even re-read if it is a particularly gracious little note. Long letters are as tiring as lengthy visits. If there is much to be said, divide it into two or three little notes. Or a small, carefully selected bouquet will be a welcome reminder of the thoughtfulness of the sender.

If there is one time when spiritual comfort is appreciated, it is during an illness, when things so often look much blacker to the patient than they really

are. Here is one place where clumsiness will not do. A wrong approach or a false note will do much more harm than good. An example is a man I know whom we will call John. He is a deeply religious person, but not a very cheerful one. He comes to the sickroom quoting the Scriptures on the subject of the grass which is green today but tomorrow it withereth and is cast into the oven, or with meditations from the Psalms on "What is man that Thou shouldst be mindful of him?"

How much better Jane does it; she quotes the triumphant rather than the sorrowful or even the meditative and philosophical Scriptures—the 23rd Psalm, or the challenging and courageous 26th Psalm with its ringing assertion, "The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" Or the numerous New Testament passages: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," "I am the resurrection and the life," and so on. Often a brief prayer is helpful, but long and involved prayers are tiring and may be depressing. And let me say in all earnestness, if you cannot do this sort of thing right—and it is a very special gift—don't do it at all. Leave it to someone who can.

HOSPITALS try to control visiting with rules. Many a doctor feels that he would like to stop all visiting, except on prescription to meet actual emergencies of genuine loneliness which call for companionship, and then he would like to have the patient and the doctor choose the visitors. But that is too much to hope for. Even the most liberal visiting rules are the subject of grumbling by visitors, many of whom have ingenious reasons for wanting themselves exempted.

Visiting rules are not primarily for the benefit of the nurses, though there must be some limitation of visiting if the necessary care is to be given the patients. The rules are there for the benefit of the sick, and compliance with regulations is in their interest.

Regardless of rules, there are some important principles about visiting the sick which can be understood and put into practice by everybody, if the patient is to receive any real benefit from the visit. Here are a few do's and don'ts:

1. Visit only those patients to whom the physician allows visitors.

2. Visit at the times specified by the hospital, unless there are real reasons of necessity (not just your convenience) for doing otherwise.

3. Visit alone, or accompanied by not more than one other person.

4. Visit quietly, including time spent in the corridors as well as in the sick-room.

5. Take care to be clean and free from odors connected with your job; use little or no perfume or cosmetics with odors. (Continued on page 84)

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Do not hesitate to send a contribution because it may not be as large as you might wish—give beyond the amount you feel you can afford! Any gift will be doubled, yes, tripled, in value in a land where it is needed so desperately. No contribution can be too big . . . or too small . . . **BUT IT CAN BE TOO LATE!** Make **TODAY** the day you will remember the orphaned children of China—let us all practice the Christianity we have been preaching.

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Black Sheep, White Sheep

By GRACE NIES FLETCHER and JANET HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAL THOMPSON

TERRY and CONNIE had their fantastic adventure in the cemetery late that same afternoon. They made a handsome pair as they came up to the White lot; Connie small, dark and vivid in her crisp yellow-linen dress and Terry holding his lithe body and bright head lightly as a dancer. She carried a bouquet of larkspur and roses from her garden, and when she laid them on her father's too-recent grave her lips quivered.

Terry said quickly, trying to distract her, "It still looks more like a park than a cemetery. Remember how we used to play here when we were kids, you and Jim and I?"

Connie smiled tremulously. "You were the Lone Ranger. I was Martha. And Jim was Silver. I'd leave my handkerchief knotted twice when the bandits carried me away. It meant 'Help! Heigho, Silver!' It seems ages ago, doesn't it?"

Her forehead puckered as she looked across at the Thomas lot next to her own, for something flashed in the low rays of the setting sun. Beyond the enormous stone angel with THOMAS cut in huge letters in the pedestal, the velvety lawn ran up a steep embankment to where a granite vault, a small house actually, big enough for a man to stand erect inside, was cut into the hillside. "Someone's put a new padlock on the vault door," Connie noticed, puzzled.

"I wonder why," Terry strode, frowning, across the lawn. Did it mean anything? Pat had died only a few hundred feet from here. . . . You learn a lot in the Air Force besides flying, so, after a judicious use of his pocketknife and a bit of wire, the heavy iron door swung open, letting out a dank breath of cold air.

"It's empty," Connie saw, relieved, and then caught her breath—for leaning against the granite wall on the shelf that ran around the vault was, of all things, a mirror with a candle stuck in its own wax on each side. "Someone's been staying in here!" Connie's eyes widened.

"Well, he certainly isn't here now," Terry said cheerfully, striding across the stone floor to bend over a dark pile of cloth.

"It's a gown like the Dominie wears

[PART SIX—Conclusion]

on Sunday! . . . Look, there's two white ostrich plumes! . . . What on earth would anyone want with one white shoe?" She stooped, picked up the shoe, stared at the brownish stain on the toe, and added faintly, "It looks like—" The square of bright sunlight that led outside seemed to darken as they both thought the same thing. "Let's get out of here," she urged Terry. "I'm afraid!"

But Terry had picked up a gray notebook from under the black gown and was investigating; it looked like a book-keeper's record of accounts. "Was that a noise outside?" Connie asked nervously, but Terry said, "I didn't hear anything. Look, Con."

He flipped the gray cover, stared at the first account labeled "William Howard White." Why, that was Pop! But a thick red-pencil line had been drawn through his name as if it had been cancelled . . .

"Terry!" Connie screamed, looking behind her. "The door! It's closing!"

She began to run, crying out, and he rushed across the stone floor after her but the sunlight was now merely a slit, nothing. But it was useless. Already the thick dark was at your throat making it hard to breathe. She and Terry were buried securely in the granite earth itself where no one would be likely to hear or answer until it was too late.

IT WAS already getting dusk when the Dominie, in Jehu, almost ran down Jim Thomas walking alone by the side of the road. There was a discouraged droop to Jim's young shoulders. When the Dominie stopped, asked how Connie was, Jim said grimly that he didn't know. She and Terry had gone off hours ago to take some flowers to the cemetery. He added bitterly: "If they stayed out for supper, they might have phoned. Not that I blame them for wanting to get away from the gloom our house is now."

Jim was thinking that the inquest for Pat would be tomorrow and her funeral that afternoon. It was certainly no time for Connie to leave him alone.

"Hop in," the Dominie offered, opening Jehu's door. "Aggie would be

thrilled to have company for supper."

Aggie was; but she made a few remarks privately to the Dominie in the kitchen about Connie. Supper was not a pleasant meal with Aggie sulking and Jim worrying about Connie.

"I'll call your house and see if she's come in yet," the Dominie offered. "I want to ask James what he wants done with the flowers tomorrow anyway."

James himself answered the phone. "Yes? What is it, Dominie?" he snapped. "I can't talk to you about the service now. I'm very busy."

But what could be more important than his own wife's funeral? Was it only your imagination that he sounded queer, excited? Maybe he knew something had happened to Terry, Connie, and didn't want to worry Jim . . .

"Jim is down here with me, having supper," the Dominie told James. "Is Connie home yet?"

"Connie is not here," James said distinctly and there was a click. Why, James had hung up on you! What on earth was the matter?

"Connie!" Jim gasped at the sight of the Dominie's face, getting to his feet. "I'm going to the cemetery—to see if she really left the bouquet there."

"Wait. I'll go with you." The Dominie had no time to change the thin slippers he was wearing, Jim went so fast, but he did snatch up his John Wesley cane from the hatrack as he rushed past. It was a stout hickory cane with a carved ivory head of John for a handle; but even with its help the Dominie had hard work to keep up with the worried Jim.

There were no streetlights in the cemetery but the moon had risen so that you could tell the paths from the grass and see the blur of trees and bushes against the paler sky.

They reached the White lot and Jim struck a match to look around. The flowers were there, all right.

"Look! Connie's handkerchief!" Jim cried and snatched it up from the path. "There's two knots tied in it! It's a game we used to play. It means, 'Help! Heigho, Silver!'" He started off, calling his wife's name wildly, but the Dominie stopped him.

"We can't search the whole cemetery
(Continued on page 66)



"Terry!" Connie screamed, looking around. "The door—it's closing!"

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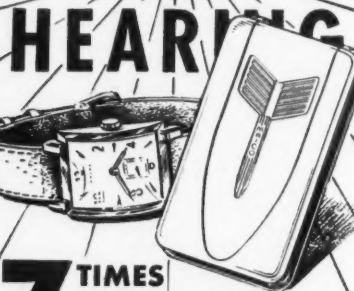
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BLACK SHEEP, WHITE SHEEP

(Continued from page 64)

alone with no light," he said reasonably. "The quickest way to find her would be for you to go phone for Slim Babone and his men." He had to raise his voice, for already Jim was running back toward the cemetery entrance. The nearest phone was in the drugstore where James had run when Pat was stabbed here . . .

It was too quiet now that Jim was gone. The Dominie caught back his thoughts firmly from tragedy, but as the darkness closed over his head like a muffling hood, it was full of scratching sounds, the sighing of what must be the wind in unseen trees. The sound of footsteps hurrying back was most welcome. Jim certainly had made wonderful time.

"Here I am, Jim!" The Dominie opened his lips to call out, but hesitated. He never knew exactly what stopped the words in his throat, what mental antennae recognized mortal danger. Or was it Nathalie, warning him silently? The Dominie drew back into the bushes as the hurrying figure came up the path. Whoever it was was acting very strangely; he'd stop, listen an instant to see if anyone was following, and then he began to run up over the grass of the Thomas lot toward the old vault. There was a faint metallic sound and then a flicker of light inside the vault. The Dominie crept closer to look.

It was James! The candles shone full on his face as he reached down, put on a flowing black robe—why, it looked like yours! But James would never take it off Aggie's clothes line! It was ridiculous. What on earth was James tying around his forehead—two white ostrich plumes! James looked intently at himself in the mirror and boomed loudly: "And God said, 'Abraham, take thou thy son, Isaac, and offer him for a burnt offering!' Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

James had gone mad! The bottom had dropped out of your stomach as he babbled his garbled texts, but you couldn't look away as James raised his arm in a sort of Nazi salute. Something flashed in the candlelight . . . James had a gun. He thought he was a sort of modern Abraham whom God had ordered to kill . . .

It fitted, the Dominie knew wildly: first the Doctor; then Pat; and now maybe . . . Where were Connie and Terry? They were the ones left except Jim. You had to follow James, find out what he was going to do. But quietly. If James saw you, he'd kill you too and you wouldn't be any help to anyone. As the Dominie drew back into the bushes, it seemed to him that a twig snapped like a pistol shot.

It seemed hours later, but actually it was only minutes until the Dominie

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had trailed James stealthily out of the cemetery, across the road, and to the church itself. The Dominie forced himself to count 500 before he stepped into the dark church vestibule where James had gone, and then his heart pounded so it seemed that the mad man must hear. But there was no sound. No light. Where had James gone? The Dominie, straining, heard faint footsteps above him in the auditorium and then a door opening . . .

"He's going up into the tower!" The Dominie knew. What was that new sound? Like someone moaning . . . The stifled moaning came again, stopped. Maybe it was Connie! Had James already killed Terry? You could hide a body up in the tower for weeks and no one would go up there to find it. *Hurry!* You had to go up there after James. But he had a gun and he was mad. . . .

The Dominie gripped John Wesley's ivory head hard, and started inching his way silently up the steps to the auditorium. The tower door was usually kept locked because of the danger of children getting up on the bell platform, below which was a sixty-foot drop to the ground, but now the door handle yielded easily to the Dominie's shaking hand.

The tower steps were steep, boxed-in, winding, hard to make time on without making a noise. If only you had a light! The Dominie put out his hand to find the next step in the pitch dark, felt something wet and warm. Abandoning caution now, he began to run, stumbling, frantic, but the sound of his slipped feet was drowned out, fortunately, by the unexpected rasp of a man singing hoarsely:

"*Unfold, unfold, ye portals everlasting!*"

James was holding a last service over his victims! But it meant there was still time. As the Dominie stumbled on up, gasping for breath, the singing grew louder. "*Unfold . . .*" The stairs were getting lighter. You could see the stars. James had stopped singing. Had he heard you?

The Dominie, peering fearfully out from the narrow doorway and gripping John Wesley's ivory head, trying to adjust his eyes to the light, saw a dark, bat-like figure leaning over something on the narrow bell platform.

James whined, "I didn't mean to kill you too, Connie. Why wouldn't you leave Terry alone for a minute? I really should have put you both away this afternoon. But it wouldn't have been just without a trial. Even Judas had a trial. Why did you pry into my vault? You knew. Answer me. Nod if I'm right!"

When James snapped on his flashlight, focused it on Connie's face, you could see she was lying there, bound and gagged, and the other bundle, perilously close to the edge with its



You say
the little lamb is
roaring like a
LION?



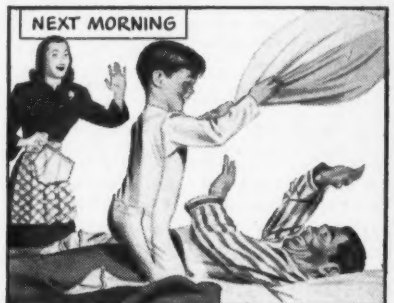
JOAN: I guess *my* mother is like *most* grandmothers. My little boy Billy (whom mother calls her "little lamb, bless his heart") was having tantrums with a capital T . . . and when I told mother about it, she said . . .



JOAN: Imagine—blaming *me* for Billy's bad temper! I told mother, rather icily, that Billy was constipated and that I was going to do everything I could for him—not to him. Then she said something that surprised me . . .



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low railing, was Terry. As the light flashed across him, the Dominie saw that Terry's eyes were closed and there was blood on the bright head. . . . What were you going to do? You were no match for a mad man.

"You knew!" James screamed at Connie. "You knew that Terry was your brother?"

The stars wheeled and spun as the Dominie gripped the door jamb. Connie and Terry—brother and sister! But how . . . ?

"Well, no one else will ever know!" James snarled. He'd lifted his gun. You had to stop him. But how? Suddenly the Dominie knew exactly what he had to do. As he stepped onto the narrow platform he called, "James! It's me, the Dominie! I've come to help you."

Would it work? It had to. It was an agonized eternity before James turned his flashlight on your face, blinding you. "What you want, Dominie?" James's voice sounded high, queer. You had to get closer. One step, two steps. James whined, "I can handle this myself!" Was it only your imagination, because you needed help so desperately, or was that actually a stealthy step behind you on the tower stairs?

The Dominie said loudly to drown out the whisper of sound, "I came as fast as I could, James, when I heard you singing." Steady. James would kill Connie and Terry both if you missed. . . . NOW! As the Dominie swung John Wesley's ivory head with all the strength there was in him, James dropped his flashlight, leaped . . .

God forgive you, you'd missed! You'd failed Connie. You were grappling with James . . . choking . . .

"Hold him, Dominie! I'm coming!" The world was a black dizzy pinwheel out of which Aggie's voice rose miraculously from the stairway as she grabbed up the flashlight, swung it against the back of James's head so close to yours. . . . His hands were falling away. . . . You could breathe, hear the sound of sirens blowing, the thunder of footsteps. . . .

"James!" You watched, paralyzed, while James grabbed for a terrible instant at the low railing . . . and then hurtled down into the blackness below, screaming horribly.

Slim's voice yelled, "Aggie, stop it! It's me!"

And then you were falling too, down, down into blackness. . . .

IT WAS the first time in his life that the Dominie had ever fainted. When he came to, he was back in his own bed and the room smelled of violets where Connie was leaning over him. "He's coming to, Jim!" she cried. Jim had his arm around her as if he'd never let go, but she looked all right.

"Terry?" the Dominie whispered, and then more faintly, "James?"

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"Terry was just knocked out, thank goodness," Jim told him at once. "Come on, Con, we'd better let the Dominie rest."

But you couldn't let them go yet, not till you knew for sure . . .

The Dominie's voice was a mere thread of sound insisting, "James?"

Connie's lips trembled pitifully and you knew without words that James was dead. It was best, of course. But they'd never have hung him; he'd have spent what was left of his life behind bars, and that would have been a lot worse. Poor James, he thought bleakly, closing his eyes so that Connie and Jim tiptoed out. He'd gone so fast up the Hill; he'd thought he could lift himself by his own spiritual bootstraps, could play God. It was no accident that the ancient Hebrews called madness an "evil spirit." James had used his own family, even his church, merely as steps in his personal ladder; he'd gained the top of the Hill, but lost his own soul.

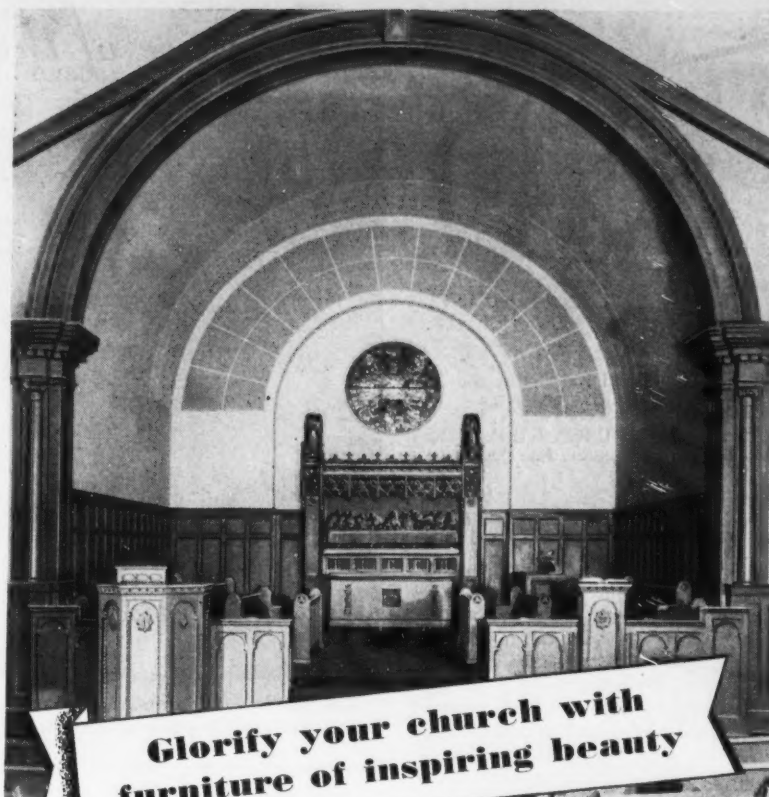
The Dominie's lips began to move silently. Black sheep, white sheep, they were all of your fold—and of the Lord's.

JAMES's diary, which Terry and Connie had discovered inside the vault, explained almost everything that had happened. It was the night of the wedding rehearsal (when Terry had threatened suicide in his mother's bedroom because Jim was marrying Connie) that James had first realized the danger of his precious name which he had built up so painfully becoming a by-word, a seven-day-wonder in the town. He had listened outside Pat's bedroom door to her and the Doctor talking, had heard with anger approaching apoplexy how he had been "tricked" twenty-odd years before.

Pat had been secretly married to Bill White! While she was engaged to James. She and Bill had both been in Washington, she in a fashionable boarding-school and Bill an interne in a hospital, when they eloped only two months before the date set for the fashionable wedding to be held between Pat and James in the Wayre church. Pat's father, furious, had had the marriage quietly annulled as fast as possible; and, since Pat was not yet of age and Bill had no income at all, there was very little they could do to stop the annulment. Pat's father was a determined, ambitious man who had recognized in James a kindred spirit, worthy of handling the business and caring for his only daughter. It had all been managed very quietly, and the elaborate church wedding to James had gone through as scheduled.

It was not until a few months later, when Pat visited the doctor, that she realized that Terry was not James's son. Weak, vain, afraid of both her husband's and her father's anger, she had decided to keep this fact to herself.

(Continued on page 72)



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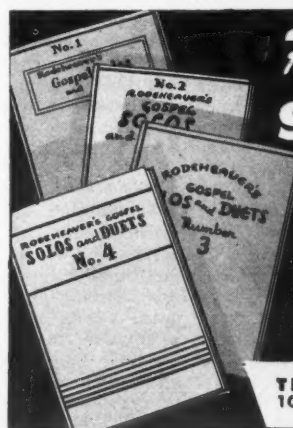
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the
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GOLD, and what it does to those who lust after it, is the theme of this powerful story. Toughly realistic in spots, "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" is nevertheless as potent a sermon as we have seen in a long while. Here, in merciless clarity, is displayed the corroding effect of greed, the poison of suspicion, the consuming fire of selfishness—with retribution, swift and sure, falling upon those who sell themselves to the quest for riches.

Warner Brothers, the producers, are to be congratulated in bringing to the screen so forceful an exposition of the commandment "Thou shalt not covet."

"The Treasure" is often as rough and tough as the elemental motives of men surrendered to the gaining of gold. And the film is somewhat overlong. But so well-knit is its plot and so absorbing its suspense that one is hardly conscious of its two-hours-plus length.

Featured in the main roles are Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt, as two down-on-their-luck Americans in Tampico, and Walter Huston as an old prospector who tempts them to join him in a gold-hunt in the wild Mexican hills. The hazards they meet on their tortuous trip are second only to the growing tensions that tear at their partnership after they have found gold. Bogart particularly is driven half-crazy with suspicion that the other two mean to kill him and keep all the gold. The deterioration of his character mounts as his greed and suspicion build up. And the film finishes in an exciting climax, completely satisfying to the moral sense, and a back-to-normal return for Huston and Holt after they lose their gold through the operation of a higher force.

All those in the main roles give creditable and credible performances. But to Walter Huston, the old prospector wise in the ways of men and strong enough to bear the irony of fate, belong the honors for a brilliant portrayal.

Because of its occasional brutal sequences, essential to the plot, "The Treasure" may not be suited to children of tender years. But adults and young people will be able to take it—and with profit. **A, Y**

Treasure of the Sierra Madre



The three down-at-the-heels adventurers divide their gold cache, carefully measuring each portion, while tensions begin to tear at their partnership.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS

Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; **Y**—Young people 12 to 18;
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide. Films starred thus ★ are of exceptional merit.

★**CALL NORTHSIDE 777** (20th Century-Fox). Based on the true story of a devoted Polish mother who works as a scrubbing woman in Chicago for eleven years in order to save \$5,000 to help clear her son of a murder he did not commit, this film has the reality of a documentary—plus fine acting, a well-knit plot, superior direction, and some excellent lessons in ethics. The contrasts between lawlessness and crime, political corruption and civic-mindedness are strong, and American justice is vindicated in an exciting way. The mother (Kasia Orzazewski) is a symbol of sacrificial motherhood whose faith in God and man is rewarded. James Stewart, as the reporter assigned to dig up the facts, and Richard Conte, as the accused, also turn in able performances. **A, Y**

★**THE PARADINE CASE** (Selznick Releasing Organization). Skillfully directed by Alfred Hitchcock, this story of a woman accused of murdering her blind husband turns into a brilliant and absorbing play. It is handled with taste, woven with suspense mounting to a dramatic climax, and comes to a conclusion fully satisfying to the legal and moral codes. Human weaknesses are neither excused nor exploited. A distinguished cast includes Charles Laugh-

ton, Ethel Barrymore, Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, and the newcomer Valli in the name role. **A**

★**THE NAKED CITY** (Universal-International). This is one case when criminals are not glamorized and crime is shown as a truly destructive force. It is also the story of how the police force of a great city detects it and tracks down the criminals. A well-developed story is gradually revealed as the detection closes in, and the film holds attention because of its authentic details, excellent photography and good acting—especially by Barry Fitzgerald as the chief detective. **A, Y**

MY GIRL TISA (Warner). Set in New York at the beginning of the century, this picture shows with genuine feeling what "America the Beautiful" meant to newly arrived immigrants who believed in themselves, in each other and in the hope of unlimited opportunity for those who would sacrifice for it. Dramatically portrayed also are the evils of sweatshops and the swindling of unsuspecting victims by the "steamship ticket racket." The intense desire of the aliens to become citizens, what citizenship meant to them and can mean to all, is a good emphasis. The ending, wherein all difficulties are made to vanish through an intervention of the President of the United States, weakens an otherwise fine story. **A, Y, C**

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS (Jesse L. Laski Productions; RKO). heralded as a lesson in interfaith and good will, we find this picture to be the sentimental treatment of an overdrawn Cinderella story. The daughter (Valli) of a Polish coalminer in a small Pennsylvania town makes good in Hollywood, only to

CHRISTIAN HERALD

die when reaching success. A press agent (Fred MacMurray) who loved her brings her body back for burial from the small Roman Catholic church she attended as a child. What began as a publicity stunt ends as a posthumous acclaim for the young actress. A ground-settling crack brings about a "miracle" which is never properly explained to the people. The "good will" message is telescoped hastily during the last moments of the film, leaving the audience with conflicting impressions. Perhaps the most authentic tones in the picture are supplied by the bells—and those tones issued not from those you see but from the excellent Liberty carillon bells the producers wisely used. **A, Y**

AN IDEAL HUSBAND (20th Century-Fox). A cross-section of aristocratic English life in the late 90's, this is a superb achievement in Technicolor, exquisite interiors, beautiful outdoor settings and elegant costumes. The acting is well-nigh perfect, with clever dialogue and discerning insights into ethical conflicts, desire for power, and how far veneer will hold when a moral crisis comes. An excellent "comedy of manners." **A, Y**

A DOUBLE LIFE (Universal-International). An intelligently conceived photoplay about a successful actor who identifies himself closely with his roles—until he plays "Othello," with dire results. Only a dramatic actor with the great skill shown by Ronald Colman could succeed in this engrossing, plausible and understandable character portrayal. The use of music for shifting moods, plus realistic New York settings for authenticity, produce intense dramatic feeling. **A**

TENTH AVENUE ANGEL (MGM). This is Margaret O'Brien's picture all the way, whether she skates down Tenth Avenue, cries because of childish disillusionment, or believes in "miracles"—in this case, a kneeling cow on Christmas Eve. An over-imaginative child may take stories so seriously that they become reality, and their lack of fulfillment is a tragedy. This becomes the child's undoing until circumstances and individuals fall into their proper perspectives, as they do in this story. A clean picture in which good family relations are paramount. It will be enjoyed by all ages. **A, Y, C**

THE SIGN OF THE RAM (Columbia). Psychological melodrama, interesting if taken as a pathological case history of a selfish, strong-willed invalid who nearly wrecks the lives of her husband and stepchildren before her destructiveness turns upon herself. Over-possessiveness is well depicted in all its scheming extent. **A**

THE BIG CLOCK (Paramount). A well-cooked and suspense-laden story for those who care for the murder motif. Consistently well-acted by Charles Laughton, Ray Milland and others, and there are some moral lessons surmised. **A**

ALIAS A GENTLEMAN (MGM). Wallace Beery is at his blustering best as the reformed "jailbird" wanting to go straight upon his release from prison. That his old partners in crime do not allow him much peace is a foregone conclusion. His rough

attempts at playing the gentleman are mixed with laughable blunders. **A, Y**

HOLIDAY CAMP (Universal). Typical English middle-class people's activities in a recreation camp run on "mass lines." All concerned endeavor to pack every moment with manufactured entertainment. There is not a dull moment, and much is quite enchanting. **A, Y, C**

A MIRACLE CAN HAPPEN (United Artists). Would it be too much to ask that a moratorium be called on screen "miracles"? They are becoming a habit. We were unable to detect the miraculous in this case, unless it be the device to string together some slapstick comedy incidents as answers to a roving reporter's query on "How did a child influence your life?" Some good actors lend themselves to this series of "gags," but the merriment seems rather forced. **A, Y, C**

PICCADILLY INCIDENT (MGM). Drama of a young Englishwoman (Anna Neagle) who, as a WREN during the London blitz, meets and marries an Intelligence officer. During an enforced separation, when she is believed lost at sea, he marries again—whereupon she comes back. The unexpected denouement shows that sometimes laws on the statute books make victims of those they seek to protect. Though the ending is somewhat melodramatic, superior acting lifts this above the ordinary. **A, Y**

JASSY (Universal-International). A period picture depicting the worst of ancient nobility when "men" were chattels and "gentlemen" earned and lost their fortunes by gambling. One virile Christian character, an itinerant preacher, speaks out on justice, patience and conciliation—and dies for his beliefs. The other characters are contrasts in strength and weakness, good and evil. Exciting melodrama, well acted, in Technicolor. **A, Y**

THREE DARING DAUGHTERS (MGM). Pointing to the problems of a broken home and to the anxiety of children in a situation they do not understand, this is produced in a manner to give fine entertainment. Jeanette MacDonald is the mother of three daughters; music permeates everything, with José Iturbi and Jane Powell contributing. **A, Y, C**

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE (RKO). Eddie Cantor and Joan Davis in an entertaining farce-comedy filled with singing and dancing, some impossible situations, much good clean fun, and no special point—unless it be that a happy home is more important than riches. **A, Y, C**

YOU WERE MEANT FOR ME (20th Century-Fox). The "love at first sight" story of a band leader and a small-town girl, their subsequent ups and downs during depression days, and their eventual settling into good family life. The popular songs of the period will please some; much of the action is over-sentimental. **A, Y**

THE MAIN STREET KID (Republic). A skit on fake mental telepathy wizards and the gullibility of their adepts bring about some surprising turns and cause some hearty laughs. **A, Y**

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BLACK SHEEP, WHITE SHEEP

(Continued from page 69)

But now she realized that Terry and Bill must be told. She urged the startled doctor that night hysterically, "You've got to tell Terry that Connie is his sister! That you're his father!"

James's handwriting in his diary became a scrawl at this point. "All these years, and I never suspected!" James wrote. "I won't let my good name be dragged in the mud. I'll kill Bill first!"

Well, he had killed Bill, but not before Terry knew the truth. "Bill was put into my hand like a lamb caught in the bushes!" James exulted in his diary. "I saw his car drive in while I was talking to the caterers . . . the idiots broke a plate! . . . So I went out to the Diana. Terry's car was parked by the back steps and the parking light flashed on the Nip gun, lying there on the leather seat. I knew then for sure it was meant for me to punish Bill . . ."

The day of the Doctor's funeral, James's darkening mind had seen a vision. "If thine arm offend thee, cut it off!" I saw that written right up on the dining-room wall over Pat's head!" he wrote in his diary. And when he took Pat back to the car during the thunder storm, there was the icypick Herman had forgotten, rolled on the car floor, ready for his hand . . .

"THE first time I suspected him was when the bleeder valve on my car was loosened," Terry confessed later when Slim had assembled them all—Connie, Liz, Jim, Terry and even Aggie—in the Dominie's study. No, there was one missing, for Gale Penderly had gone back to New York City on the first train after she had been released from jail. "I remembered he'd been an expert mechanic when he was my age. Well," he answered Slim's query as to why he hadn't said anything about his suspicions, "you couldn't accuse your own—er—foster father, unless you were sure."

"I'm glad you didn't," Connie murmured. She looked radiant in her dark blue going-away suit and a red fantasy on her dark curls that the Dominie presumed must be a hat. She and Jim were going on up to Maine as soon as Slim had finished with them. She and Jim sat very close and every now and then would smile deep into each other's eyes. At least the tragedy had brought them one gift, the Dominie thought, a shining, unbreakable faith in each other.

"How did he get you two out of the vault and up into the tower without anyone seeing you?" Slim asked Terry. "I should have thought you could have used some strong-arm tactics."

"He had a gun stuck in Con's side and he was mad enough to shoot," Terry explained grimly. "I did tackle him on the tower steps but he knocked

me out with the gun butt."

"I thought he'd killed you!" Connie shivered.

"He would have if it hadn't been for the Dominie and Aggie," Terry's eyes sparkled at her mischievously. "All I am I owe to that little woman's bloodhound nose!"

"I was looking for the Dominie, not you," Aggie told him. "Anyone who wasn't completely deaf could've heard James bellowing anthems up in that tower. Anyone," she glanced darkly at Slim Babone, "except the police."

Slim agreed, "We could use you on our staff, Miss—er—" So he had a sense of humor after all, the Dominie marveled.

Aggie bridled happily, "All I did was whang him a little with the flashlight. You going to keep me in jail till the trial?" she asked Slim hopefully. As long as you weren't guilty, it'd be quite a tidbit to tell about later at Ladies' Aid.

"There won't be any trial, just an inquest," Slim got to his feet. "Well folks, I guess this is about all . . ."

"Not quite," Terry said. "I just want you to know, Con, I've made arrangements for Gimple to deposit half the Doc's money to your account when it comes through. Skip it," as she started to protest. "It's the least I can do."

"I know how you feel," Jim told his brother. "I feel like a heel myself for not trusting her."

"You're not heels, either of you!" Connie cried. But it was Jim she smiled at, pulling him to his feet, insisting gaily, "We got a date with a cabin in Maine, remember?"

Just so Nathalie had looked at you, as if you owned the sun, moon and stars together, the Dominie remembered wistfully. You two wouldn't need any mansion either to make it heaven; just a little white house with no parashioners . . .

"Come on, darling," Jim urged Connie. "Let's go." THE END

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 8)

during the time of Jeremiah and Ezekiel that both prophets quote it. Why was it so popular? No generation likes to accept the responsibility for its own misfortunes. It is an easy way to blame the sins of the fathers. Certainly the fathers had eaten "sour grapes." Yet the generation that went into captivity had no right to shift responsibility to former generations. It had set its own teeth "on edge."

An interesting address was given recently before a convention of sociologists in which a warning was given against blaming parents overmuch for juvenile delinquency. It is considered very scientific to relieve us from responsibility for our sins. The psychiatrist looks for some mental quirk. The reformer blames the organization of so-



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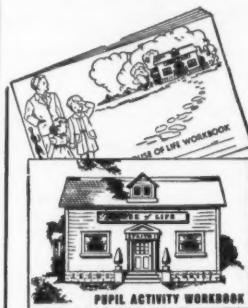
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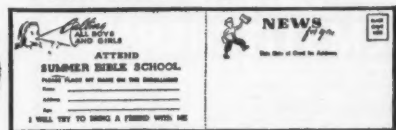
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ciety, the environment in which men live. The biologist finds the root of sin in some protoplasm that has gone into the building of a man's body. The sociologist indicts society for the crimes men commit. Ezekiel offered no easy way out for the people of Judah. Heredity and life situations play their part in shaping individual and racial character, but no man can escape his own personal responsibility before God. Ezekiel re-found the individual and brought him, a guilty sinner, before his God. This message is as much in date in A.D. 1948 as it was in 585 B.C.

Having led his people to repentance, Ezekiel offered them glorious pictures of the shepherding care of their God. Surely Jesus had read the 34th chapter of Ezekiel for how many of its striking parables were woven into His teaching. Even the false shepherds are there. And listen to the description of the Good Shepherd: "I will look for the lost, I will recover those who have been driven away, I will bandage the cripples, I will put strength into the sick and I will guard the strong and prosperous, attending to them properly." (Moffatt translation, Ezekiel 34:16.)

In acknowledging their sin the children of Judah need not despair. They were still under the loving care of the Good Shepherd. This too is a message for our world with its millions of hungry, cold, and dispossessed people. None of us, however responsible for our calamities, can "drift beyond His love and care."

THEN IN THE FINAL PASSAGE of our lesson we have a promise that goes deeper than relief. "I will give you a new nature and I will put a new spirit into you, I will take away your hard nature and give you a nature that can be touched; I will put my own spirit within you." (Moffatt translation, Ezekiel 34:26-27.) Here the words of Jesus to Nicodemus are foreshadowed: "Ye must be born again." To a people that had learned to expect reform from without, Ezekiel preached reform from within. Reform is God's work, not man's, in its final analysis. God enters a man's heart and changes him only, of course, at his invitation. He will not enslave our wills. But He woos us by His love to permit Him to master us.

The best psychiatrists, the most far-seeing statesmen, the clearest thinking scientists, the most humble economists all seek the partnership of religion today. We have tried reform without God and are facing world suicide. Our only safety is new men to master our new found powers. Christ-like men alone can make democracy work. Atomic energy can be the greatest material blessing yet discovered if the hand upon the controls is the hand of a Christian. God awaits our invitation to change human nature into the divine pattern. Will that invitation be given and in time?

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Questions:

A recent gathering of scientists in Washington was told by one speaker that we needed most of all a well-financed and staffed foundation to study how to change human nature. What is the answer of Ezekiel? Is there any better answer?

In laying Christian emphasis on the rebirth of the soul, are we denying the values in psychology, sociology, biology and the rest of the sciences? Must it be either science or religion? Discuss.

• Sunday, April 18th

FULFILLING GOD'S PURPOSE

EZRA 1:1-4; 4:23, 24; HAGGAI 1:3-8, 13, 14

IT is good that we have historians to take the long back view of the story of mankind. It is difficult for us to see the purposes of God working out in our own generation. We are too much a part of it, too close to it. The history of Israel helps us to see how God works. The Persian king Cyrus played his part in God's plan. Isaiah had given such direct prophecies of the rise of Cyrus to rule the world that Cyrus would be particularly lenient with the race from which Isaiah came. (Isaiah 44:28, and 45:1-4 record the prophecies.) Then, too, the Persians were worshippers of one God and were rather easy with conquered peoples.

After seventy years of captivity the first contingent of exiles returned under leadership of a descendant of David named Zerubbabel and a priest named Joshua. Some efforts at rebuilding the temple were begun, at least an altar was built, but for about twenty years the people spent most of their energies on building for themselves. Many married into heathen families. Business proceeded as usual on the Sabbath. Moral standards were low. They needed reform in personal and social life and they needed their temple and its worship.

Ezra, the scribe, led the next large group of exiles to Jerusalem. His mission was to save his people from losing their identity as a race. He attacked mixed marriages mercilessly. More important was his re-establishing of the Law. The scribes as an order or profession were probably founded by Ezra. Their business was the interpretation of the Law. Under the Law religious practices were ordained and morality enjoined. And while Ezra did not succeed in any large way in reforming Israel, he did lay the foundations for the life of the Jews that changed little down to the time of Christ. It required the executive ability of Nehemiah to complete his work. Nehemiah came fourteen years later than Ezra and rebuilt the walls of the city.

WE CANNOT trace God's hand in the preservation of the chosen people without remembering God's supreme pur-



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pose. They were to be a separate people, insulated as far as possible from the degenerating influences of heathenism. The tragedy of the Jews was that they became proud because of God's special blessings. They did not understand that they were a means to an end, not an end in themselves. It was to prepare the way for the Redeemer that God's hand moved in their history. As we read the history of our own nation and see how God has led us, we too may become proud. Nations as well as persons are "saved to serve."

The prophet Haggai was called to speak for God to Zerubbabel and his returned exiles. The contrast between Haggai and Ezekiel is striking. There was little of the poet or mystic about Haggai. He spoke in prose. He "pulled no punches." To the returnees, complaining of their failure to win prosperity, he answered: "You have built strong, comfortable houses for yourself, but the temple is still in ruins. No wonder you have not prospered. Come, build the house of God and center your affection there. Then you may expect God's blessing on your homes and fields." Like a taskmaster with his whip, Haggai tongue-lashed Israel into action.

It is believed that Haggai was an old man when he began to prophesy, one who had seen the glories of Solomon's temple in his youth. He had but few years left and he longed to see a new temple rise on Mt. Moriah. There was personal passion in his demand on Israel, as well as passion for their salvation of the nation. Happy and prosperous is any community that builds its life around a temple dedicated to the true God! Within five years after Haggai began to prophesy, the temple was built.

God's purpose is being worked out in the world, not only in the life of the nations but also in the life of the church. In the nations God works by indirection. Without violating human freedom, He rules and overrules, working so quietly that we sometimes are tempted to forget His presence. When it seemed that the beastly principles of Hitlerism would win the world many asked, "Where is God? Why does He permit this evil?"

Questions:

Read Psalm 126. Do you think this song was composed and sung by returning exiles?

What was the effect of the captivity on the tendency of the Israelites to fall into idolatry? What other values did they receive through this experience?

• Sunday, April 25th

GOD'S STANDARD

ZECHARIAH 1:1-4; 7:8-14; 8:16-17

GOD chose men to write His Book. They were not robots mechanically

typing His dictation. They were men of very different kinds and each kept his own uniqueness. Two more different men could not be found than Haggai and Zechariah. Both began to prophesy in the same year, probably 520 B.C. Haggai completed his prophecy in that same year while Zechariah continued for some years. Both were supremely concerned about that altar set up in a temple that was incomplete. Only the foundations had been relaid. Haggai was old, while Zechariah was young. Haggai wrote straight to the point, in sharp demands for action. Zechariah had "the soul of an artist and the eyes of a seer." He does not so much condemn as inspire. He uses beautiful figures of speech, drawing illustrations from the trees and vines, from the tools of the builder and craftsman.

Zechariah was concerned with rebuilding the moral standards of Israel. To him the rebuilding of the temple was not an end in itself. The worship of the temple was essential to the growth of morality.

Money in the treasuries of our American churches promises a great program of building as soon as conditions permit. I read of a pastor who was riding on a bus and as they passed a church in process of building, a fellow passenger said to him: "If these churches would stop spending their money on building fine churches and give to the poor, it would be more to their credit." He answered: "I have heard that remark before." The stranger looked pleased and said, "Indeed! And by whom may I ask?" "Judas Iscariot. See Mark 14: 4-10" was the answer. Zechariah knew that investment in rebuilding the temple was the surest step in the direction of justice, kindness and compassion. Therefore he backed Haggai to the best of his powers in stirring the people to their first task.

With all earnestness he proclaimed "these orders from the Lord of hosts—administer genuine justice, practice kindness and compassion toward each other, oppress not the widow, the orphan, the foreigner, or the poor, and never plot evil in your hearts against each other." (Moffatt translation.) John the Baptist and Jesus echoed these demands centuries later.

"Genuine justice" flows into the currents of life from the altars of worship. There is no hidden hypocrisy possible before God. We may feel safe when our laws are made and interpreted and administered by those who love and fear God. Too much "justice" is not genuine. Too many justices respect position, political expediency and the power of wealth in our modern courts.

Some years ago I was interested in the plight of a young taxi-driver who had an accident during one of those periodical "get-tough-with-traffic-violators" campaigns in a great city. He was given a criminal instead of a civil indictment

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and kept from communication with his folks until arraigned. I secured a lawyer for him and was initiated into the politics of "justice." Our lawyer selected the judge before whom he would appear. The young man was advised to join his ward political club. A number of additional maneuvers were required. The indictment was changed from criminal to civil. He paid a stiff fine, willingly, and I think received final justice.

By no means do I think that all justice is administered in that way for I know many, many truly Christian judges. But there is enough injustice in "justice" today, to help us know what Zechariah was talking about. Our greatest need is more Christians who are willing to enter political life and enter their offices direct from the place of prayer. That would make democracy work.

WIDOWS, ORPHANS, foreigners, poor folks, they are the greatest sufferers when the wheels of justice are clogged. God loves them all and when we meet them as we go from our church doors, our hearts should be filled with "kindness and compassion."

A little boy had just been hearing about the hungry folks in Europe. At dinner he said, "I don't guess I want any dessert today. I think you can take it and send it to some hungry boy across the ocean." However impractical his sacrifice, his heart was in the right place. To realize our responsibility for the underprivileged everywhere is to make our religion genuine. True worship in the temple would mean right relations with our neighbors, on our street and around the world.

Zechariah was also the prophet who was most truly Messianic. That is, he looked forward to the coming of the Christ. In this hope, too, he found good reason for rebuilding the temple. It was a good reason, none better! The whole purpose of his race and nation was bound up with this hope.

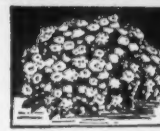
Zechariah longed for reform. He knew the only source of true reform. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." Zechariah speaks for our generation too.

Questions:

Read the following passages and note how they throw light on the coming and character of Christ: Zechariah 9:9; 11:12, 13. Look up passages in the New Testament that reflect the thought of Zechariah. For instance, Mark 12:40; James 1:27.

What do you think of present-day moral standards? Do you think we need more laws to improve them? If so, what laws? Do we need better administration of laws? If so, be explicit. How can the influence of the church become more vital in raising moral standards? Again, be explicit.

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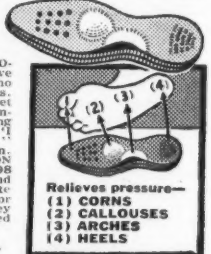


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HOUSE OF LECHLER

FOOTRACE AT DAWN

(Continued from page 18)

a young woman and a professor of history at a dinner party about fifteen years ago. The girl, not knowing what to talk about, suddenly said, "Have you read 'Gone With The Wind'?" The professor said, "No." Then she said, "You'd better hurry up, it's been out six months." He asked her, "Have you ever read Dante's 'Divine Comedy'?" "No," she said. "Well," he replied, "you had better hurry up. It has been out six hundred years."

So we ask this morning, have you really read the story of the Resurrection, read it so that it really gets into the secret places of the heart, where the springs of life are coiled? It's been out *nineteen hundred years*. It has changed the world for millions. It can change the world for you.

III

Easter, again, is good news about *humanity* and the future of the world. Easter is the affirmation of a tremendous social force in the struggle against evil and injustice—the force of a living Christ in the world.

That has been put vividly in what I think is one of the noblest lines of modern poetry. It is John Masefield's poetic drama, "The Trial of Jesus." Procula, the wife of Pilate, is deeply concerned over the crucifixion of Jesus. A Roman soldier comes to report that he has found the tomb of Jesus empty. Pilate's wife asks in great excitement, "Do you believe His claim?"

The soldier answers, "If a man believes anything up to the point of dying on a cross for it, he will find others to believe it."

She asks, "Do you think he is dead?"

"No, Lady, I don't."

"Then where is he?"

The soldier answers, "Loose in the world, Lady, where nothing can stop his truth."

"Loose in the world"—that is the social hope of the world today, and tomorrow. Our labor for a better world is not vain in the Lord. The divine Power revealed in Jesus is a continuing reality in the world. Jesus is loose in the world—a divine force wherever love struggles against hate, wherever justice fights against exploitation, wherever truth battles against lies.

Sometimes we see a proclamation about an escaped criminal which reads, "Dangerous man at large." That is what Easter says, in a far different sense, to every evil power that preys on human life, that would use persons as things: "There is a dangerous Man at large! Jesus Christ has broken jail!" He is loose in the hearts and minds of men.

The tremendous social implications for Easter are found in the truth that what we are willing to do for men de-

(Continued on page 83)

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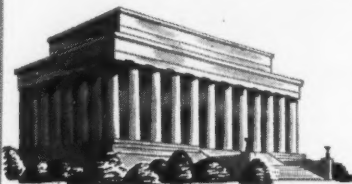
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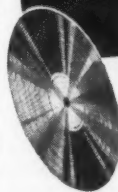
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14. "In The Garden"

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12. "In Wonderful To Me"
13. "When They Ring The Golden Bells"
14. "When God Dips His Love In My Heart"
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Miss Keller at her desk. Left: Two blind children reading with their fingers. The Braille system is quickly learned.

At 67, the dauntless Helen Keller is starting a world-wide trek to realize a life-long dream

By FRANK S. MEAD

LUNCHEONS in New York are a dime a dozen—and worth no more, most of them. When we received an invitation to another one the other day we accepted with the usual misgivings. It turned out to be a luncheon we'll never forget.

Speaking at this affair was the most amazing woman in the world. Her speech took hardly five minutes, but she said more in that five minutes than most of us can say in five hours. There she stood—Helen Keller, blind and deaf from babyhood—on fire with an idea and setting all of us on fire as she took the world by the neck and shook it. We forgot where we were. We forgot

the brutal world we lived in. We saw her only, and God with His hand on her shoulder, as she told us that she was planning—at 67!—to start out on a ten-months' trek across the Near East and the Orient "to reach fourteen million blind still waiting in Egyptian darkness for a friend."

With a courage that God must love and that mankind cannot understand, Helen Keller will take the air on March 26th on a jaunt that is enough to make a strong man shudder. With Mars still busy in most of this territory she will visit Australia and New Zealand, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, China, Burma, Siam, India, Egypt, Iran, Iraq,

Lebanon, Syria and Palestine!

Why? To know why you must know Helen Keller—and the John Milton Society for the Blind which sponsors the trip. You have to know what Mark Twain meant when he said that the two most interesting people in his world were Napoleon and Helen Keller. The Corsican, skilled in slaughter, cut down his own stature with wars. But Helen Keller, so terribly handicapped from the start, has spent the days of her years adding to the sum total of moral and spiritual strength in everyone who has even heard of her. She has built a resplendent life on love of God and trust in man. (Continued next page)

She stood at this luncheon, more entitled to a grudge against life than any other person in the room, and she said, "If God could use the staff of Moses and the widow's cruse of oil, perhaps He can use the poor talents that I have . . ." You could almost hear her listeners gasp. We worry over trifles like jobs, money, houses, clothes; she was worrying over millions of Eastern blind she would never even see!

Have you ever seen those blind in the East? Do you know how they live, how they are neglected, or kicked around when they are not neglected? They must beg in rags, in the bitter street; some steal, some become prostitutes—just to stay alive. They read no books; they hear no sermons. There are terribly few outstretched Christian hands. They are just tolerated, like the lepers and the flies.

NOW all this has been burning in the mind of Helen Keller for more than thirty years. To go out to them, to share with them the Light that has been in her across the dark lifetime—this is a dream that has possessed her. She thinks herself fortunate, blessed, endowed by the good God. And now she would give the last strength that is within her to placing the hands of the blind of the East in the hand of her God.

She will do two things. She will speak to these blind, en masse and individually. She will address mass-meetings—in eleven cities in Japan alone. She will meet with religious groups, social workers; she will go into city halls and government offices to plead with the men in high places for a better treatment of the blind. She will have endless personal interviews with the great and the near-great, the sighted and the blind.

She will help lay plans for the spread of literature in Braille—and it is of more than passing interest to note the kind of literature she would spread. Not fiction. Not drug-store detective stories, but spiritual, religious literature. She will do that because she goes as president of the John Milton Society.

With her goes Polly Thomson, the little Scot who has been her secretary-companion for thirty-four years. There is another great story in Polly Thomson for this selfish generation; there's a torch burning in her too. When these two come to Japan they will be met by Dr. and Mrs. Milton T. Stauffer. Mrs. Stauffer was for some years superintendent of nurses in the Margaret Williamson Hospital for Women in Shanghai. Dr. Stauffer has been a missionary to China, a secretary of the Foreign Mission Conference of North America, and is now serving the Protestant churches of the U. S. and Canada in their religious ministry to the blind as



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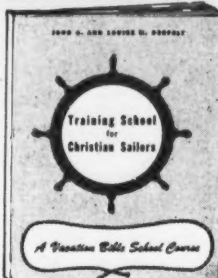
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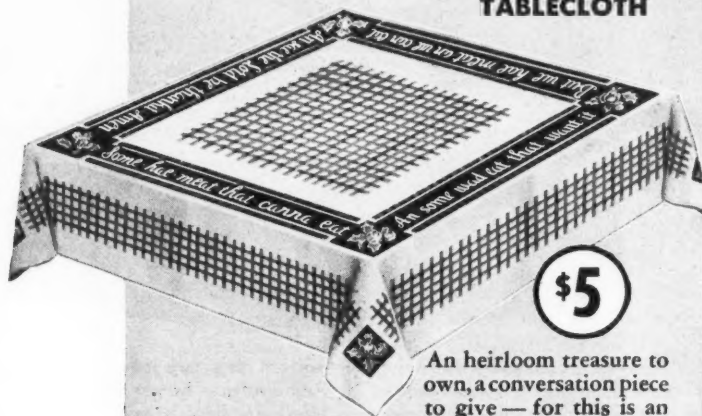
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secretary of the John Milton Society.

"For years," says Miss Keller, "I have dreamed of visiting the blind of Eastern countries, and I cannot relinquish the dream easily. I feel a force drawing me to them that I cannot define. Both Dr. Stauffer and I feel that if the Lord is calling us to reach the blind of the world as soon as possible, we should take risks to accomplish our mission. We are not afraid of hard conditions of travel—we have endured them."

These two—Dr. Stauffer and Miss Keller—now join hands and hearts in an attempt to serve the fourteen million blind around the earth.

Their effort really began back in 1928 when Miss Keller appealed to the churches for current religious literature in Braille, that the blind might read. It was a plea that could not be denied; forty Protestant denominations responded and formed the John Milton Society. They publish two non-sectarian magazines in Braille: *The John Milton Magazine* for adults, *Discovery* for children; the first is the most widely read of all religious Braille publications. Recently Editor Stauffer put A. Cressy Morrison's best-selling book, "Man Does Not Stand Alone," through two Braille editions.

Besides the magazines, the Society publishes a number of other works in Braille, offered free to the blind—books of devotional materials, hymnals, Christmas carols, religious poetry, Bible selections and a book of Bible stories for children. The readers number about 9,000; they live in every state in the union, in Canada and twenty-six foreign countries. Two-thirds of them are women; 700 of them are preachers and Sunday-school teachers. They are members of 85 different denominations, though four out of every five find it difficult to attend church services.

In the mission fields of the world, wherever a Braille system has been worked out in the native language, blind children are being taught by missionaries to read with their fingertips. Until the John Milton Society offered its services, their "reading" was limited to one or two hand-copied manuscripts; today there are Bible selections in Arabic Braille, a life of Jesus in Persian. Sunday-school lessons in Korean and Telegu Braille furnished free by the Society. Good as it is, it is only a trickle, a beginning. It is hard to understand how the Christian church could pass by these blind while hurrying to serve others.

"They cried, 'Have mercy on us, thou Son of David.' And He stood and asked, 'Who calls?' . . ."

Hearing that, here go these four—the Stauffers, Polly Thomson and the tireless Helen Keller. We read the list of cities they will visit with a nostalgic sigh; some of us have been there looking at temples and cherry trees, sacred mountains and historic shrines. With a

start we realize that we missed the blind in these romantic places. With a still greater start we read that Helen Keller, blind and deaf, will visit two cities now burned forever into the conscience of mankind—Hiroshima and Nagasaki! She will come down out of the skies in a more merciful plane, with God as her pilot, to speak in these ruins of the love of God. Look at it well, you weary world. Nothing like this have you ever seen before!

FOOTRACE AT DAWN

(Continued from page 79)

pendes ultimately on our conception of what men actually are. If we put on them the rating of immortal souls, that act of faith brings a new and powerful momentum into action on their behalf. When we carry that estimate of men into our action, Jesus does get loose in the world, as an overturning and saving force.

A missionary friend of mine once told me of being called into a textile mill in China to identify a child worker, a little girl just eleven years of age, who had fallen asleep at a machine and been mangled to death. He said that as he looked at the pitiful little body, he realized that the whole affair was a profoundly religious question: What is she? Just one of four hundred million things in China, things which were very useful in producing a two hundred percent profit; or is she a child of God, endowed with eternal worth?

It makes a difference! But we do not have to go to China for examples. We must ask the same question wherever things are set above persons in value.

Finally, will you think for a moment of the great Easter Parade of Earth. I do not mean the Easter Parade that is familiar, the one along the Avenue, the fashion parade, the glittering show of hats and clothes. That is a bright pageant of color, but it is a shabby anticlimax if it means that Easter is chiefly concerned with the milliner, the florist and the tailor.

Look at the *real* Easter parade, as it starts at the open tomb of Christ and marches down through the centuries, the shining company of those who have lived in the power of an endless life, and have joined Christ's warfare against oppression and wrong.

We need that Easter parade today, for humanity walks in the valley of the shadow of death, the shadow of atomic war. And our souls shall be lifted out of that shadow only as Christ gains the victory over greed, over the lust for power, over nationalism, over race conflict, over war.

Will you join in that Easter Parade, take your place in the company of those who have caught a vision of the world's salvation in Christ, and in His name are preparing the way for a Kingdom of Righteousness, joy and peace? **END**

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Her brain may be tucked with date data, but a smooth gal's tootsies sparkle plenty! This season, there's a gold rush—for sandals with that Midas touch. They're untarnishable. Smart for prom-prancing or any girl-meets-guy occasion. Whatever the crowd plans, breeze along (even on "those" days)—comfortably. For the new Kotex gives napkin softness such as you've never known before. Dreamy softness that holds its shape. And mind you, Kotex is the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it!



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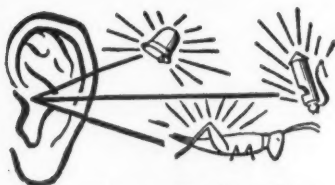
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BEDSIDE MANNERS

(Continued from page 62)

6. Visit briefly—15 minutes is a safe allowance. Sick people tire easily.

7. Visit cheerfully—refrain from depressing conversation, bad news, stories of fatal or otherwise disastrous illness, and controversy.

8. If you bring delicacies, be sure that they are permitted the patient—never mind if the nurses *can* eat his candy, it is still a needless and unfair temptation to him. If you want to treat the nurses, do it independently.

9. If you bring books, make them light in weight as well as in subject—heavy volumes tire the sick person.

10. If you bring flowers, choose those with delicate or no fragrance.

11. Carry the main burden of conversation, without expecting too much of the patient.

12. Express no opinions about the patient's doctor, the hospital or any phase of the treatment—that is not your business.

13. Tell no lies—take refuge in such statements as "That's for the doctor (or the nurse) to say."

14. Never sit on a sickbed, or lean against it, jolt or jiggle it.

There is not the slightest doubt that injudicious visiting can retard the recovery of a patient. So can inconsiderate conduct on the part of the visitor, or by convalescent patients who sometimes seem to forget that other and sicker patients are in the same hospital—sometimes in the same room.

Smoking has grown so universal among certain groups that it is being done everywhere, even in hospitals and—believe it or not—churches. If smokers, particularly women, cannot be sufficiently considerate of others to refrain from puffing cigarettes, blowing smoke in others' faces and scattering their ashes everywhere, they should be excluded from hospitals. So should the radio fiends who are not content to keep a program tuned low, but inflict it on everyone within range. I have even seen a patient in a two-bed room, in which the other bed was occupied by a very ill post-operative patient, suddenly refuse to turn low a radio which was blaring a jive program to all outdoors. Such people should be controlled in the interests of others.

You all know them—the types who visit the sick, to the despair of doctors, the frustration of nurses, the inconvenience of the hospital, and the detriment of the patient. It is so easy to do this Christian service as it ought to be done, instead of the wrong way.

When you go to visit the sick, do so constructively, so that the patient does not sigh with relief when at last you go, and does not say, "Heavens, how ye visited me!" Rather, let it be said with accents of grateful appreciation, "I was sick, and ye visited me." END

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in 10 days

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THE BITTERNESS OF U-CHI

(Continued from page 53)

the blows and the laughter again. Scarcely more than an infant, he said hotly that now he would strike some blows for himself. The little mother did not sew that night; she went forlornly to the temple to pray, while U-Chi went off down the street, she knew not where.

From bad to worse, from tragedy to tragedy, U-Chi took his errant moody way; he would listen to no one; he was making his own life, and what a life it was! His speech was filled with the curses and the foulness of the coolie, he spent long afternoons and evenings with the men who gambled, and when he had a little money he lost it. The mother walked through the valley of the shadow of death; she wept when U-Chi could not see her, she pleaded, she begged, she grew slowly thin and sickly while her neighbors shook their heads and scowled at her son. It seemed that she could not live long like this.

THEN one day she looked at U-Chi with a strange new glint in her eyes. He looked back at her, tried to be brazen and could not be; he knew that something had happened to her to give her a courage she had not had before. She almost sang as she prepared the scant evening meal, and after the meal she combed her hair and cleaned her hands and face and she said to the wondering U-Chi: "Come, my son. We go to the house of Lee Yeng." U-Chi thought to rebel, but another look at the face of his mother told him he'd better not. To the house of Lee Yeng, halfway across the city, they trudged in the darkness. The mother led the way, like a captain leading a raw recruit.

Now, Lee Yeng was a distant relative, a merchant of great respect, and a Buddhist who had been converted to Christianity and who preached in his spare time. As U-Chi sat in the moonlit courtyard of gentle Lee Yeng, he heard the fearful news: arrangements had been made for him to enter another school! Furious, U-Chi asked, "What kind of school?"

"A good school," smiled Lee Yeng. "You will not be beaten with a ruler, I promise that. You will be treated kindly. They will take good care of you, U-Chi. And your mother will not have to pay."

Then it was that whatever good was left in sullen U-Chi came to the surface of his heart and spoke in his eyes. If the people in this school would feed him and clothe him and treat him like the man he was, he'd try it. If it would help the mother, he would go.

The very next day he stood in the street before the school. He was just eleven. Over the gate was written

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"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ORPHANAGE."

At first he did not like it; his early schooling in the classics was a total loss here, and they put him back with the little boys, in the first year primary. He was lonely without his mother, but the kindness of the people about him helped with that. Never was he hungry; never was he cold. And as the days wore on he was less and less bitter. He said one day to a teacher he had learned to love, "It is different here. In the streets, the hand of everyone I met was against me. Here, you hold out your hands to help me."

The teacher smiled and pointed to a picture in a book. It was the picture of a man on a cross. "Look at His arms and His hands, U-Chi," said the teacher. "They are stretched wide, wide enough to enfold all the men in the world, and all the boys. He taught us how to hold out our hands to every man, how to help."

Morning and evening, at this Orphanage, there were prayers; there were classes in which the youngsters heard the Old, Old Story told and told again until they could repeat it by heart. It came over U-Chi that this was a better story than he had ever read in the classics; it was easy to learn, because it was so good to hear. Slowly, like water on a stone, it dripped into the mind of U-Chi that there was an Unseen God in his world who loved all men equally and who longed to have men love each other.

Timidly, then gladly, U-Chi reached out his hand and touched the hand of God.

There was a blind teacher at the Orphanage and when he first saw him, U-Chi told himself that this man, robbed of his eyes, had more reason to lift his hand against the world than U-Chi ever had. But there was no lust for vengeance in the shining face of this blind teacher; he saw things, beautiful things, that people with eyes could not see. He became good friends with U-Chi; he taught him to make music on a cornet. He took the lad to another music-teacher who understood the organ; and under him U-Chi found another universe of tone and beauty on the key-board of the mission organ. He learned swiftly. The old things and ways fell away from him like a dirty old cloak. Before he was fifteen he was so loved and trusted that he was asked to take full responsibility for buying the food for the Orphanage.

Five big years they were, and when he had finished, when he had passed the last year of study at the Orphanage, he did not want to leave. Most of the boys at the Orphanage went on from there to the Christian Herald Industrial Mission, where they learned a trade. But his teachers said, "This boy should not be a carpenter or a wood-carver or a printer; he is a born leader, and he must lead. He must go to college."



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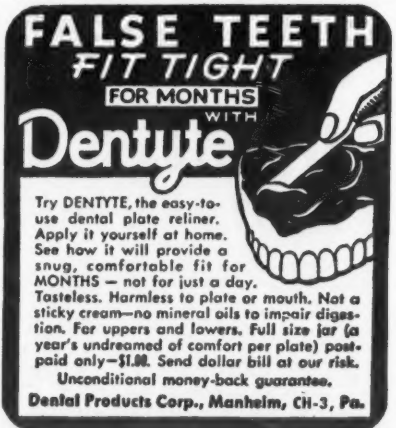
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U-Chi laughed at that, at first. He go to college? No, he must start helping his old mother now. The old lady came regularly and knocked on the gate of the Orphanage and came in and sat smiling at her son, worshipping him. Her hair was white and her hands gnarled and twisted with her years of work, but her heart and her eyes were young and happy. She would not listen to this talk of U-Chi coming home and going to work. He must go on. He must study, more, more. Had not the fortune-teller said it? Had not these Christian friends of theirs helped, up to now, and would they not help more?

They helped. Because of his outstanding record at the Orphanage school, U-Chi was admitted, tuition-free, at the Anglo-Chinese College, in Foochow, a Methodist school of high standing in China. He did even better at the College than he had done at the Orphanage. Morning and night, he lifted the cornet as the flag was raised and lowered on the campus flag-pole; as he sounded it, he could see the smiling blind teacher watching, listening.

When he became a senior, he gathered around him a little group of urchins from the street—orphans, with every man's hand against them. He gathered them into a Sunday-school class, out of the highways and byways where they were learning to lie and swear and gamble. He taught them the better way; he left the imprint of the nails in their hands and on their feet. He would gather them around the organ, and play while they sang. He stretched out his hand to them and they took it as drowning men grasp for a straw at sea.

IT IS many moons now since those hands were stretched out to lift U-Chi from his wild aimless living and the hoodlumism of his alley, to set him down on the road that led to God. It took him five-and-a-half years to get through college, for he had to stop every now and then, to earn a little money, teaching. But he graduated with honors. For a while he was an interpreter in the Chinese army; then he came back to Anglo-Chinese College, to teach and to use the musical training he received at the Orphanage and the College to lift other boys from other alleys.

When the youngsters ask him how he did it, he replies hesitantly, "I did not do it. I had help. Help from God, and help from friends in America whom I never saw. I would be a thief and a gambler if it had not been for them, and my mother would be dead. And because they helped me, I feel that I must help you."

And he will open a well-worn Bible, and hand it to a boy to read, and the boy will read, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these..."

THE END

APRIL 1948

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Back Talk

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Re: "Shadows Over Our Schools"

Dear Editor:

Please let me thank you for this added revelation of what is going on in New Mexico and many other American communities . . . We are asleep at the switch as this shadow continues to spread over our land.

LOUIE D. NEWTON
President, Southern Baptist Convention

Dear Editor:

You have rendered a notable service to the cause of religious liberty by your exposure of conditions in New Mexico. Mere power to you!

Mountain View, Calif. A. S. MAXWELL
Editor, *Signs of the Times*

To the Editor:

You have the unbidden privilege of writing the most nauseating article I have ever had the unfortunate experience to come in contact with. . . I would not lower myself to answer your ridiculous charges and outspoken lies. . . No doubt you are wondering how a Catholic girl would have access to *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. Through some unfortunate error on the part of a Catholic friend who subscribed for it, to help a student, my attention was drawn to your very sarcastic criticism of our Catholic school system. I challenge you to attend any Catholic school in the United States, and convince yourself that there is more civics taught in a Catholic grammar or high school, than in a public school.

Freehold, N. J. JOAN PALMER

To the Editor:

Your article literally stinks. You're a liar if God ever made one. I just wonder what your taxes would be if all parochial schools were closed and the children all sent to public schools. . . You're a skunk when you say the nuns are not educated to teach. They have forgotten more than you will ever learn. . .

Aurora, Ill. JOHN MILLEAM

Dear Editor:

Practically the very same situation exists in Beloit, Wisconsin. The old high-school building there is not boarded up yet, but it might as well be. The president of the school board is a Catholic. . . Educational standards have deteriorated, and the morale of those concerned is very low. Is this going on in every state of the union?

Muckegon, Mich. MARTHA WILSON

Dear Editor:

I feel sure, with all the documented material at hand, that something can be done to keep the Catholic Church from meddling with the public-school system of New Mexico. If no action is taken, it will be only a matter of time before a similar encroachment on our free public-school system will take place in other localities having a large Roman Catholic population.

Caribou, Maine DWIGHT VANCE

Dear Editor:

Truly, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The leaders of the Protestant denominations lack something of being leaders, judging from conditions. The leaders of the Roman Catholic Church are very short-sighted. . . Their action will arouse dislike, suspicion, and intolerance at a time when all the world needs understanding, good will, tolerance, and peace.

Cove, Oregon HELEN BOSWELL

Dear Editor:

It is just the kind of thing we need so that we will be able to cope intelligently with such issues of great importance to our country and our heritage.

(REV.) C. DANIEL GALLOWAY
Rochester, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I would to God that this article could be placed upon the desk of every Protestant minister and read by the fireside in every Protestant home in America. . . Young America needs to be told anew some of the great reasons for "Protestantism" and how and why it came to be, and how it has lived, grown and blessed mankind through the ages.

Long Beach, Calif. W. A. TEAGARDEN

Dear Editor:

Your article warns us to look around. Well, in Buffalo, N. Y., it has started already—and what a mess it is in! I do hope *CHRISTIAN HERALD* will watch what is going on here. Everything is hushed up in Buffalo and not in the open yet. And we are anxious to have it out in the open. . .

Buffalo, N. Y. WALTER MARCYNski

• Editor's Note: Due to an almost unprecedented demand for the article "Shadows Over Our Schools," reprints are being made available at 5c each. Send orders, with remittance, to Dept. SS-2, *Christian Herald*.

Dear Editor:

Here in North Dakota we are launching an initiated measure for the June primary election to prohibit Catholic sisters from teaching in the public schools.

Fargo, N. D. C. A. ARMSTRONG
State Superintendent,
North Dakota Interchurch Council

Dear Editor:

It is the warning signal for Protestantism to take note of what is going on in our school system in New Mexico and elsewhere as well. Only a year or so ago, right here in Wisconsin, the people voted on a bill which if passed would have authorized the state to appropriate funds to transport school children to and from parochial schools, and it wasn't defeated by too big a margin either. Of course you know some states have already approved this measure. If our Protestant churches were united instead of competing with each other we could meet and challenge this menace to our public schools much more effectively.

Tomah, Wisc. ELMER N. ADAMS

To the Editor:

Please discontinue my subscription to *CHRISTIAN HERALD*. The agent who sold me the subscription said it was non-denominational, but I find it is very much anti-Catholic. The article is not true. . .

Wheatland, Iowa MRS. C. A. MINNAERT

Dear Editor:

The article is superb. I come from a small community in western Iowa where the same thing is true. My home town of Defiance has now no public high school. Back in 1934 there was a riot and court trials over the election, resulting in the Protestants' defeat—because the supreme court judges in Iowa were predominately Catholic. During the days of WPA building, the Catholic church built a new gymnasium and the government gave not only about half of the money for this so-called project, but the church completely acquired its use for a dance hall and gymnasium.

Maxwell, Iowa G. H. HULSEBUS

Dear Editor:

While I am sure that you are going to be accused of "intolerance," I am also sure that most of your readers are going to realize that there is a deep compulsion behind an article like that. I wonder if you have had occasion to study the situation which is developing in the State of North Dakota? The situation for the public schools there is becoming very, very serious.

Minneapolis, Minn. O. G. MALMIN
Editor, *Lutheran Herald*

Dear Editor:

You set forth a situation which is most important in our republic if we are to maintain the basic principles of freedom upon which we were established.

Springfield, Ill. VERNON L. NICKELL
Superintendent of Public Instruction

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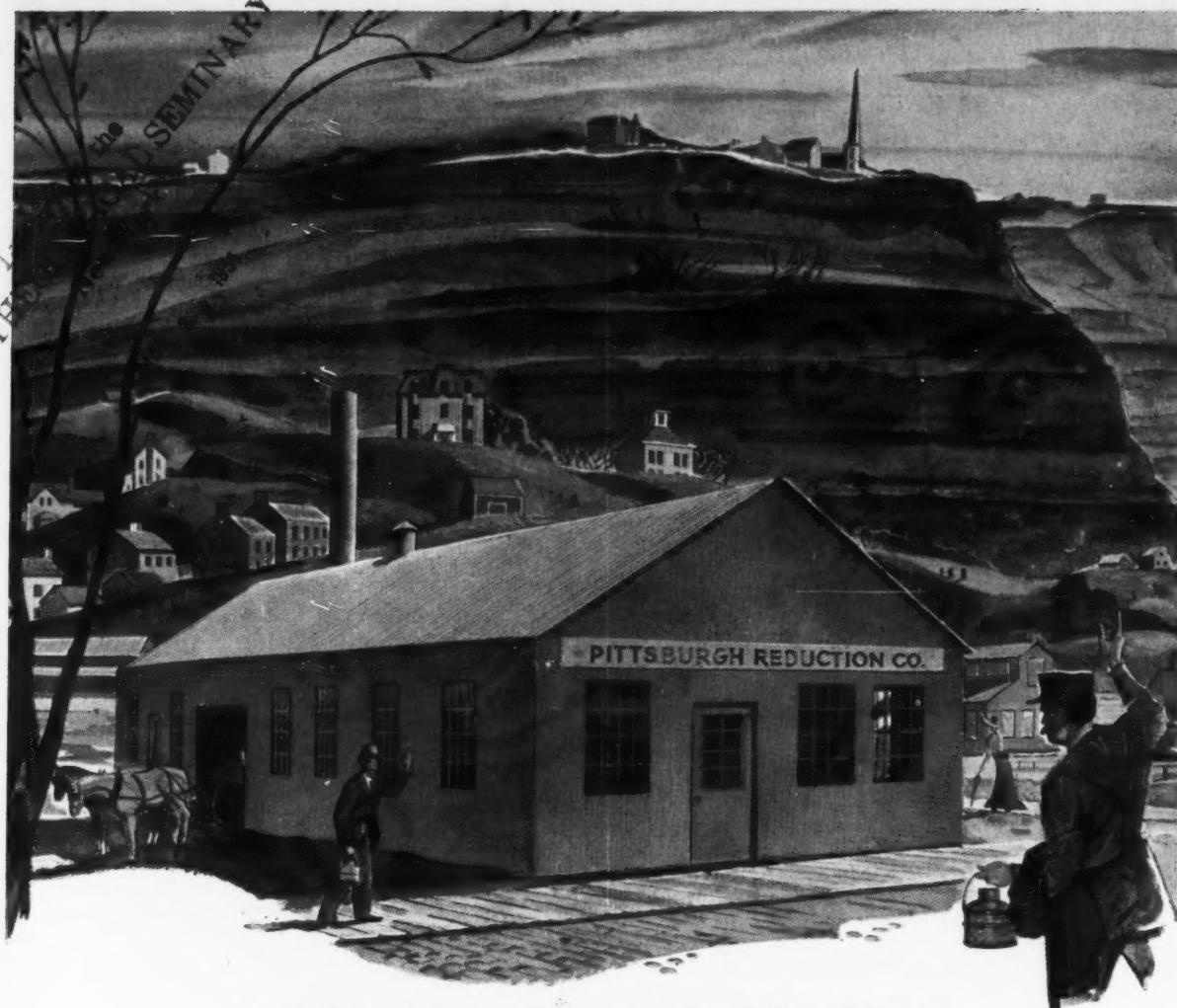
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